TV
COMIC
ANNUAL

While Shepherds Watched

To: Dear Gregory,
Lots of love
From: Mummy + Daddy.
Christmas. 1960.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

'Fear not!' said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

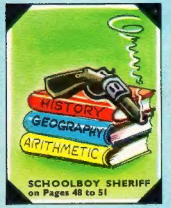
'To you in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line
A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

'The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid.'

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.'

TV COMIC SNAP BOOK



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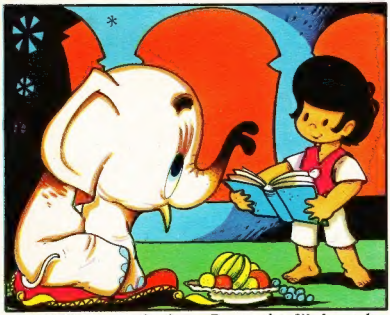
TERRY HALL'S
LENNY THE LION
LET'S HAVE A FEED.
OHH! WE ONLY HAVE ONE EGG AND A SLICE OF BREAD.
I'LL SCRAMBLE THE EGG. YOU TOAST THE BREAD.
JAB!
SORRY, LENNY.
GOOD! THE WATER'S BOILING!
PHEW! JUST IN TIME!
CRACK!
MEVIN
WOE IS ME! ANOTHER MOUTH TO FEED!

PACKI's Pantomime

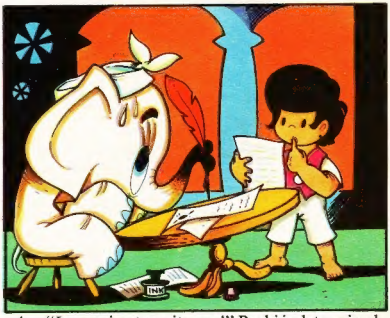
by Tony Hart

1. Have you been to a pantomime? I expect you have, but Packi has never seen one. Packi found out all about pantomimes by reading a book!

2. Packi has just finished reading a book about two children who were taken to see a pantomime, for a Christmas treat, by their kind uncle.

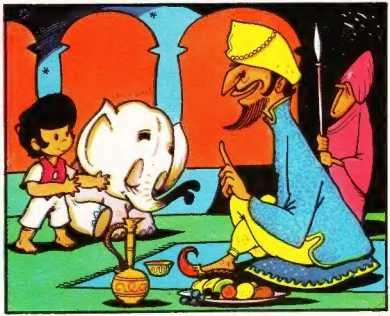


3. "What exactly is a Pantomime?" he asks Tipu. "I think it is a play about Fairy Stories, like 'Cinderella', and 'Puss in Boots'," answers Tipu.

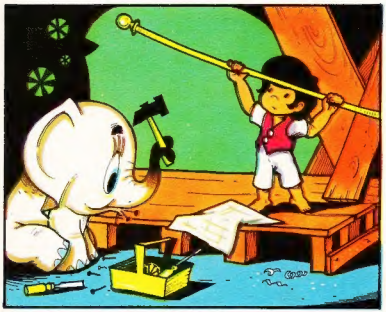


4. "I am going to write one!" Packi is determined. He wraps a wet towel round his head and starts. "Some pantomime," thinks Tipu watching him.

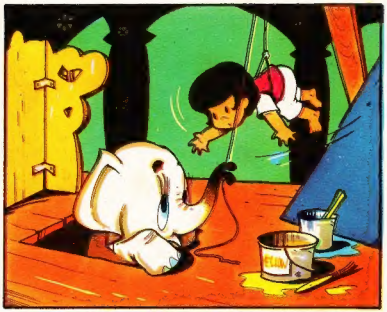
5. When it is finished, Packi gives a one elephant performance. "I say," cries Tipu, "shall we act it at my father's next birthday party?"



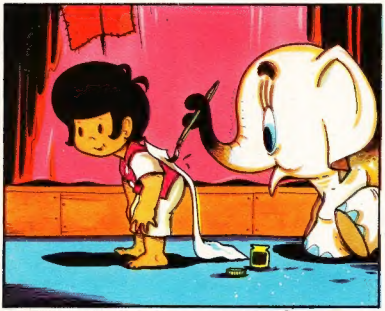
6. Tipu's father is the Rajah of Bubblepore, and he is delighted to hear about the pantomime. "Certainly you may perform it," he tells them.



7. They are going to do this pantomime properly. They are building a stage in the Rajah's throne room. It is going to be a wonderful stage.



8. It has all the things a pantomime stage should have! Trap door for the wicked demon to spring through, and the apparatus for flying in the air!

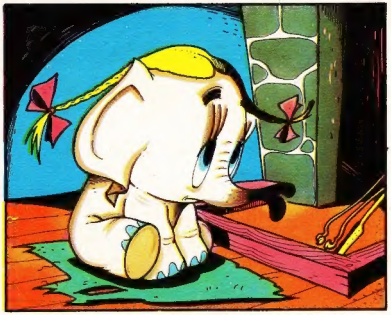


9. When the stage has been made, the curtains put up and the lights fixed, Packi takes a large sheet of paper and writes a playbill in large letters.

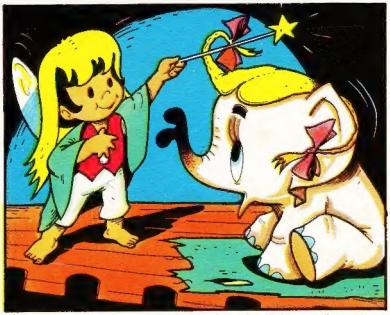
10. Packi's pantomime is a mixture of 'Cinderella', 'Little Red Riding Hood' and 'Puss in Boots'. Tipu is not very pleased with the poster.

11. When all is ready, the Rajah and his friends come along. "Do we have to pay?" the Rajah asks. "On my birthday?" "Yes," says Tipu.

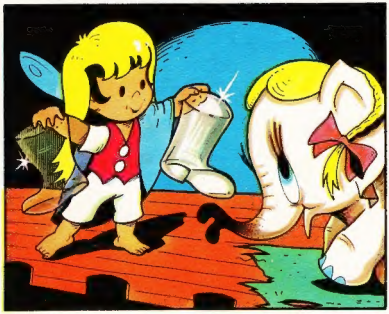
12. The audience has settled down. Tipu pokes his head through the curtains. "Are you ready?" he asks them. "Act 1—Scene 1," he announces.



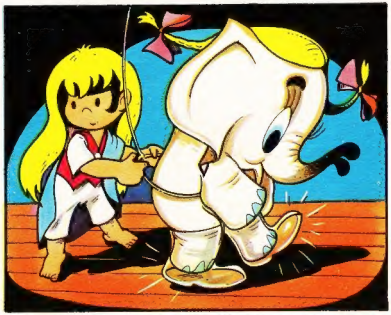
13. Up goes the curtain, and Packirella is seen sitting by a fireless hearth. "I wish I could go to the ball at the Candy Cottage," murmurs Packirella.



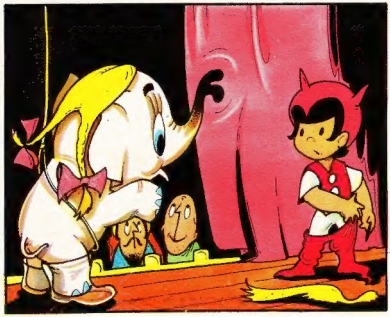
14. "And so you shall," cries the fairy godmother entering from the wings. "Are you going to do some special magical marvel?" gasps Packirella.



15. "Yes," replies the fairy godmother. "Here are a pair of magic glass riding boots. Put them on. They will take you to wherever you wish to go."

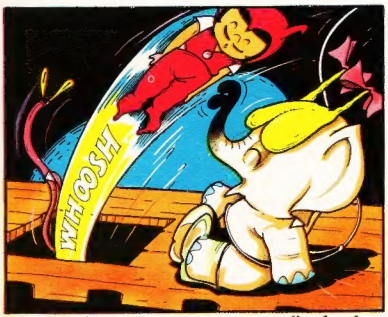


16. "Goody goody Godmother," chuckles Packirella, putting her dainty feet into the glass riding boots. "I will fly to the ball at the Candy Cottage!"



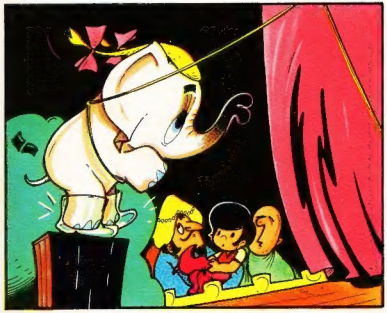
17. Then Packirella sings the popular song, 'You'll never be poor in Bubblepore'. Tipu changes his costume for that of the demon king.

18. Off rushes the demon king to a special place under the stage. He waits, ready to spring through the special trap door and on to the stage above.

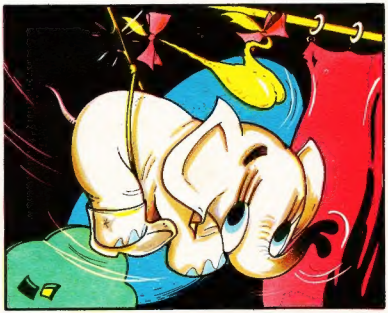


19. "Nothing can stop me now," chortles Packirella. "Whoosh!" A big red object hurtles up through the floor and over Packirella's head.

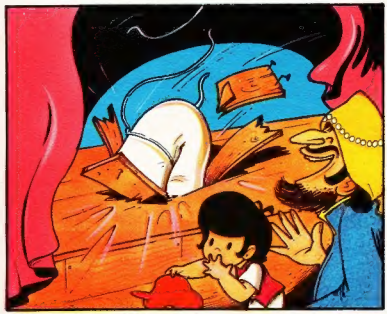
20. "How's that?" cries the Rajah as he neatly catches the demon king. "Out," guffaws his friend clapping his hands together in loud applause.



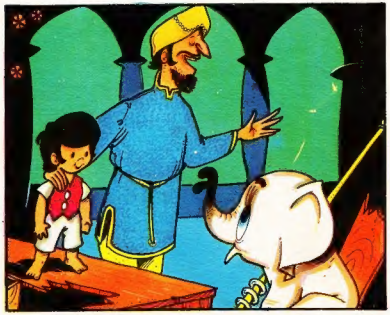
21. Meanwhile Packirella climbs on to a box ready to be launched into space. "She is going to fly to Candy Cottage," whispers the Rajah.



22. "Here I come," sings Packirella. The audience see a large, white object swinging out over the stage. Then, all at once, the rope breaks!



23. Crash! Packirella has done a disappearing act. The stage will never be the same again. "Bravo," cries the Rajah. "Please do it again."



24. Packi and Tipu are disappointed that their pantomime ended so abruptly, but the Rajah is delighted. "It was just wonderful," he tells them.

Muffin's a treat—with springs on his feet!

You'll laugh when Lenny's pup—decides to grow up!

LENNY THE LION

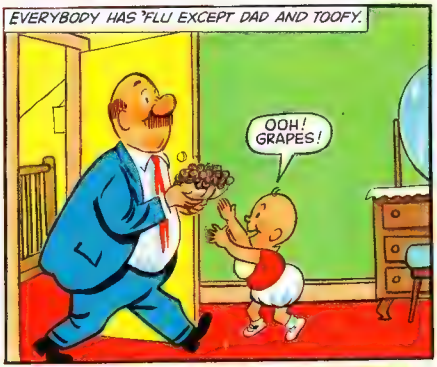
I WANT A SMALL DOG. IT MUST BE SMALL!
ALL KINDS OF PETS SOLD
THIS WAS THE SMALLEST DOG IN THE SHOP.
COCUCK-OOO-O
BOYNG!
THERE YOU ARE, FIDO. THE PERFECT KENNEL FOR YOU.
YOU MUST STAY IN BED FOR TWO WEEKS.
LENNY! GUESS WHAT...
DON'T BOTHER ME!
LENNY! YOU MUST LISTEN.
GO 'WAY.
YOU MAY GET UP NOW, LENNY. BUT KEEP WARM.
MEVIN
HULLO, BOYS - HOW'S MY DEAR LITTLE DOGGIE?
I'M FREEZING!
WE TRIED TO TELL YOU, LENNY!

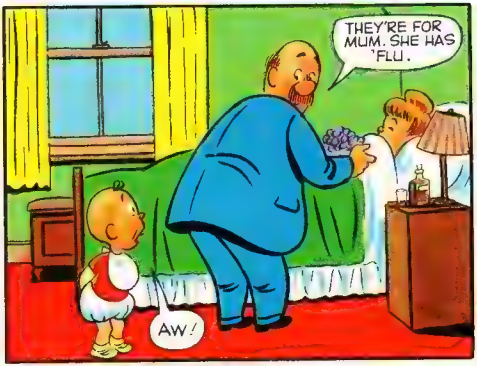
No wonder Dad is in dismay—Mighty Moth won't sail away!

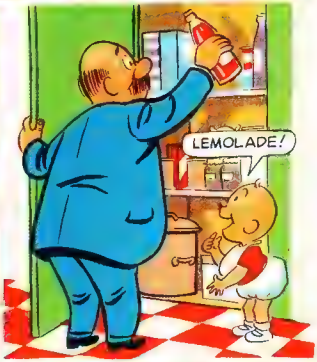
Ho! Ho! Ho! Hee! Hee! Hee! Super Nan uproots a tree!

Achoo! Achoo! Achoo! Everyone's got 'flu!

THE BAKERS' DOZEN





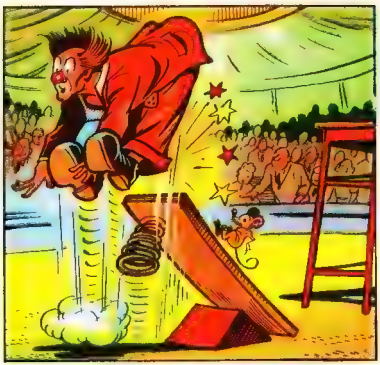


I WISH I HAD A 'FLU!
I'LL JUST TAKE THESE UP TO POOR BILLY.
'SNOT FAIR!
OHH!
ACHOO!
INTO BED, MY LAD. YOU'VE GOT 'FLU.
GOOD!
HE'S GOING TO GET ME SOMEFING GOOD TO EAT.
ACHOO!
I'VE GOT 'FLU... BETTER GET INTO BED.
!
BOO-HOO-BOO-HOO! NOW THERE'S NOBODY LEFT TO BRING ME ANYFING!

Coco's brave, without a doubt—as long as Champion's about!

COCO The CLOWN
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MEET CHAMPION THE WONDER MOUSE!
FIRST, I WILL DEMONSTRATE HIS GREAT STRENGTH...
--WITH THIS CANNON BALL!
BRAVO!
BOO! HISS! IT'S ONLY A BALLOON!
THE HEAT FROM THE SPOTLIGHT HAS BURST IT.
BANG!
I WILL NOW DEMONSTRATE CHAMPION'S ENORMOUS WEIGHT!
OH!

AHA! MY LITTLE TRICK FOOLED THEM!
?



YAH! IT'S A TRICK SPRING-BOARD... HE'S A FRAUD!

LOOK OUT! THE ELEPHANT'S RUN WILD!

GET BACK, JUMBO!

SHOO! GO ON! BACK TO YOUR CAGE!

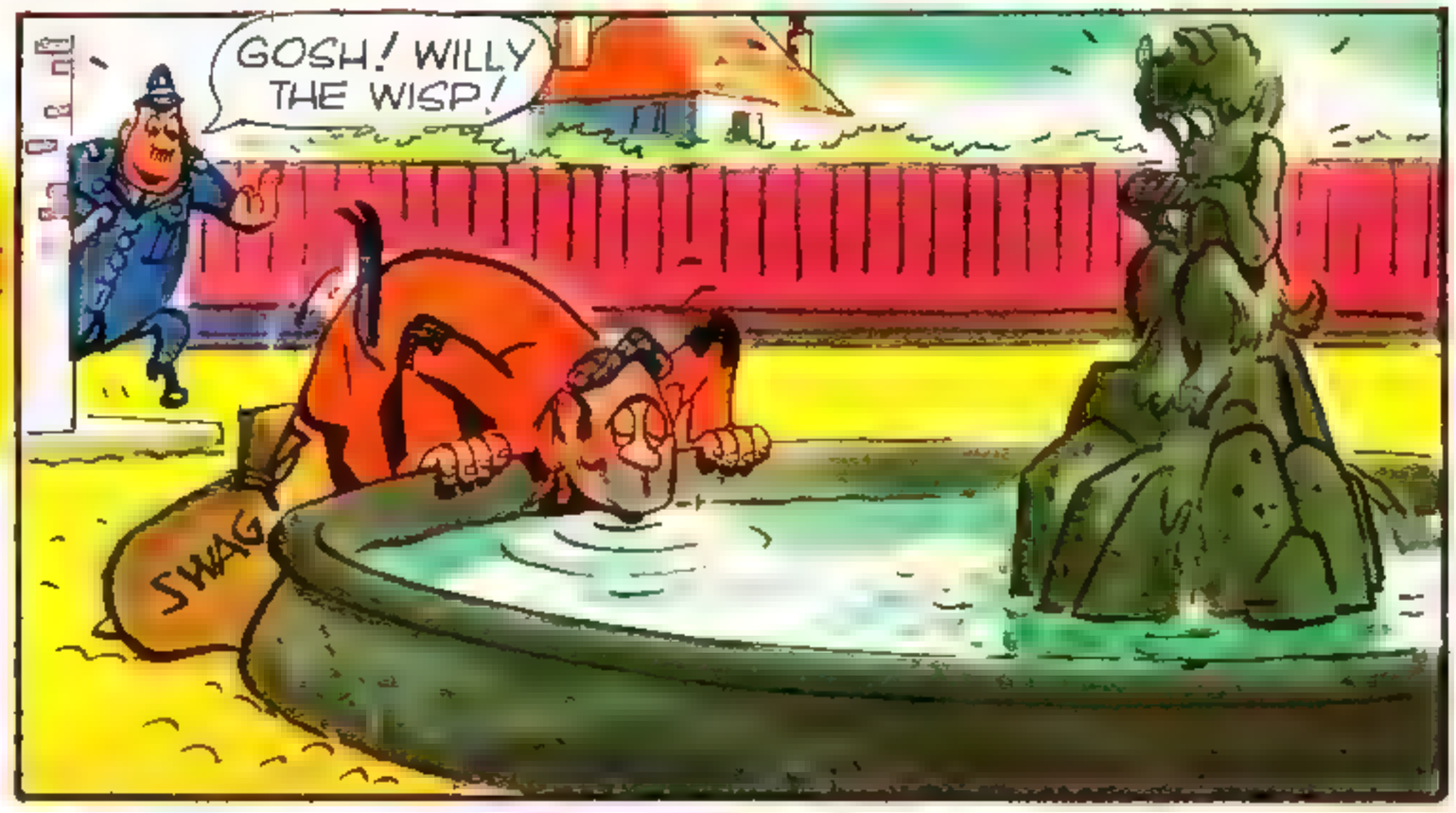
BRAVO, COCO! YOU'RE A HERO!
YOU CERTAINLY SAVED US ALL!
IT WAS NOTHING!

HA! HA! THEY DIDN'T KNOW THAT ELEPHANTS ARE SCARED OF MICE!

There's no one tougher than—our little Super Nan!

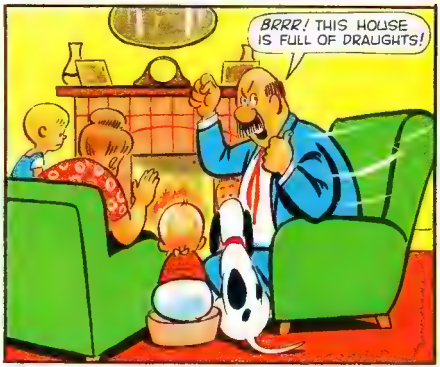
Willy the Wisp is on the run—chased by Sheer-Luck. Oh, what fun!

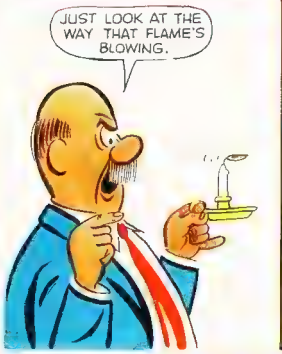
SHEER-LUCK HOMES

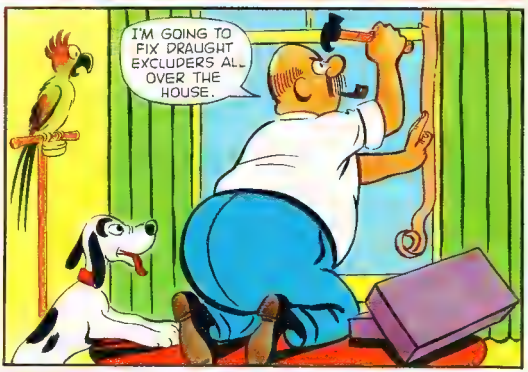


There's always something buzzin'—with the funny Bakers' Dozen!

THE BAKERS' DOZEN





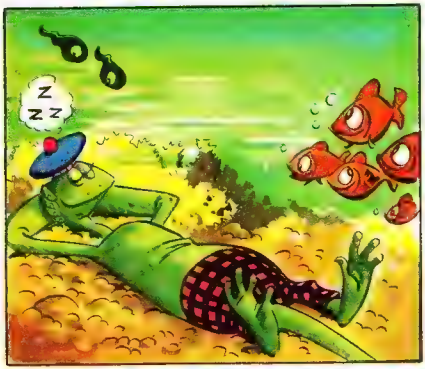


OH, NO! THE FLAME'S FLICKERING AGAIN.
THERE'S NO DRAUGHT AT THE WINDOW. . .
. . . NOR AT THE DOOR. . .
OOPS! SORRY, DAD!
THUD!
GOSH! IT'S BARKER'S TAIL THAT'S CAUSING THE DRAUGHT.
HO! HO! HO!
HA! HA! HA!
TOOFY GAVE HIM A BONE, PAD, AND HE ALWAYS WAGS HIS TAIL WHEN HE'S HAPPY.
?
I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE LAUGHING AT?

Lochy's in dismay. He has a rival today!

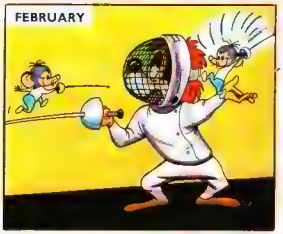
LOCHY

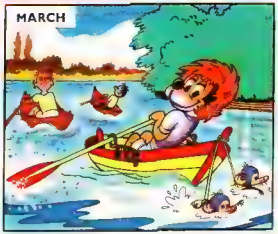
THE FUNNY WEE MONSTER

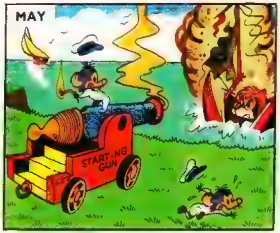


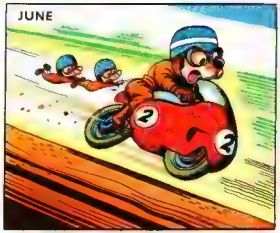
STOP ANNOYING ME! I'M THE IMPORTANT FELLOW IN THIS LOCH— THE TOURISTS COME TO SEE ME, NOT YOU!
LOCHY, THE TOURISTS ARE HERE!
GOOD! HERE I COME!
BUT, LOCHY— THEY DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU!
OH! ANOTHER M-MONSTER! I'LL NEVER FEEL SAFE IN THE LOCH AGAIN.
HA! HA! WHO'S IMPORTANT NOW?

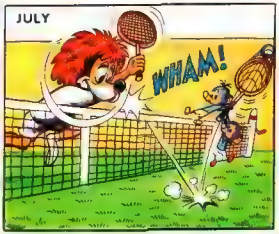
LENNY'S SPORTING YEAR

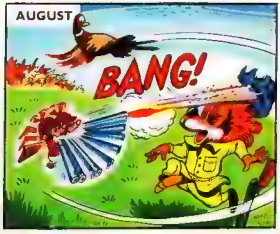


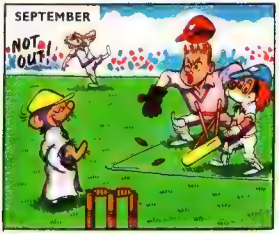


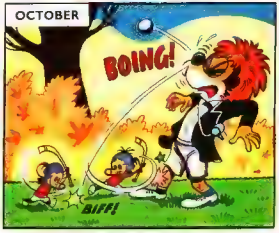


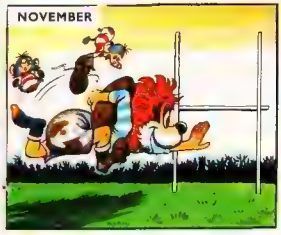








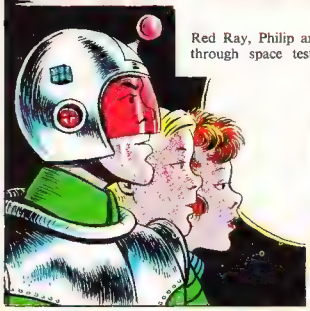




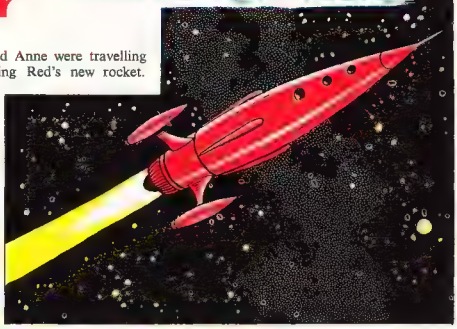
What a to-do with super-strong glue!

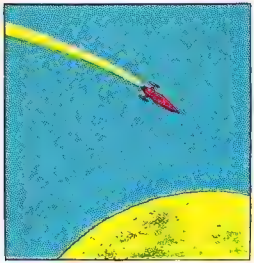
RED RAY

SPACE RAYNGER

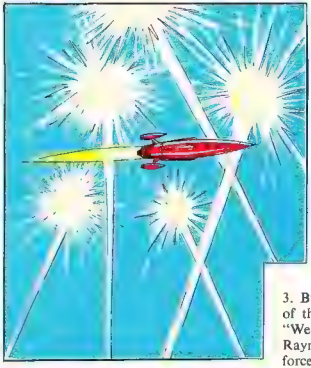


Red Ray, Philip and Anne were travelling through space testing Red's new rocket.

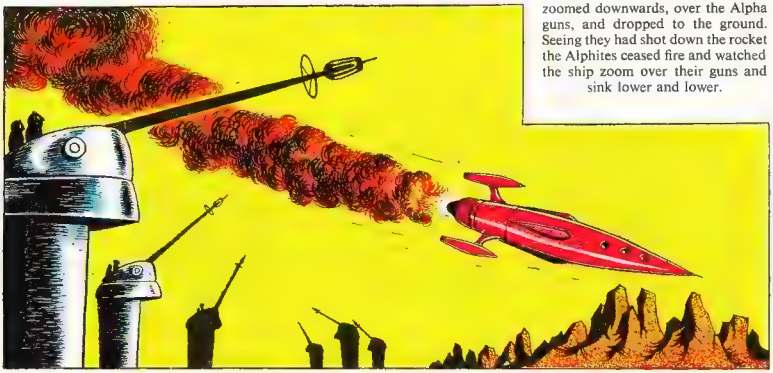




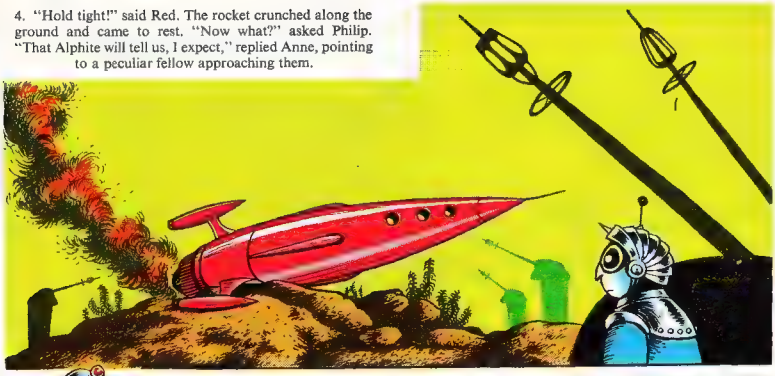
2. They neared the planet Alpha. "Let's take a closer look," said Red. The rocket changed course and headed for the planet. Then, suddenly, they were fired upon. The ship weaved in and out of the shell bursts.

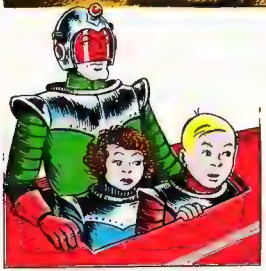


3. But despite Red's superb handling of the rocket, a shell scored on it. "We've been hit!" shouted the Space Rayngers. "We'll have to make a forced landing on Alpha." The rocket zoomed downwards, over the Alpha guns, and dropped to the ground. Seeing they had shot down the rocket the Alphites ceased fire and watched the ship zoom over their guns and sink lower and lower.

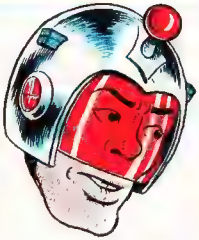


4. "Hold tight!" said Red. The rocket crunched along the ground and came to rest. "Now what?" asked Philip. "That Alphite will tell us, I expect," replied Anne, pointing to a peculiar fellow approaching them.

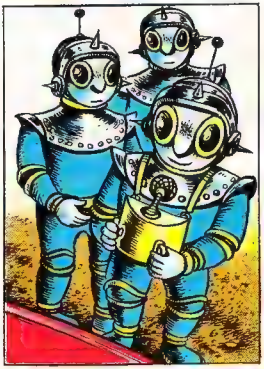




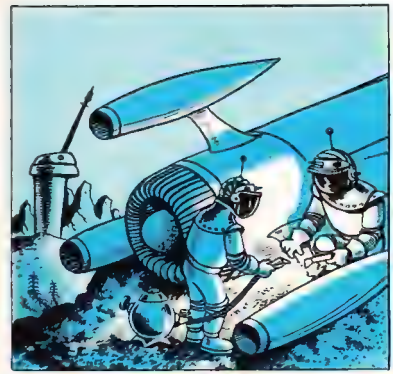
5. Because of the forced landing, Red and the children were trapped inside the ship. "We'll have to use the emergency hatch," said Red, and pressed a button. The hatch flew open, and Red, Philip and Anne peered out. They saw three Alphites.

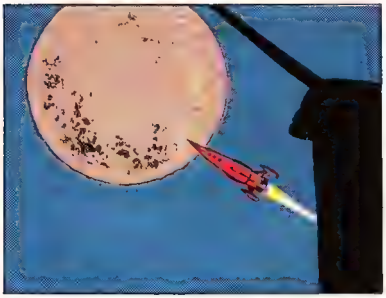


6. "Why did you fire at us?" Red asked the Alphites. "We were not harming you, and did not intend to." An Alphite, using a translator machine, replied, "We thought you were Betans. Please accept our apologies for shooting down your space-ship."

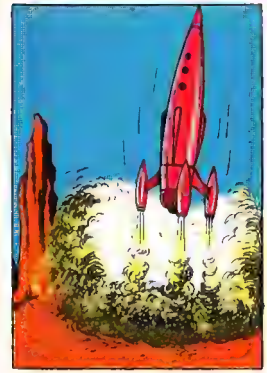


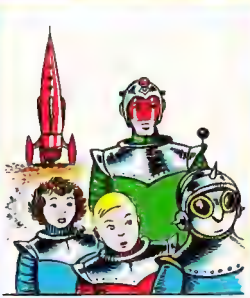
7. "The Betans want to invade us, their ships have been circling our planet for weeks, and we expect them to attack at any minute," continued the Alphite, who was called Gog. "We have watched Beta through our telescopes and we saw they have set up guns and have prepared defences. It is obvious they want a war. But we are also ready. We have guns and rockets. It's just a matter of who attacks first." Looking up, Red, Philip and Anne saw a great planet hanging low in the sky. "That's Beta," said Gog, pointing towards it. It looked very menacing.



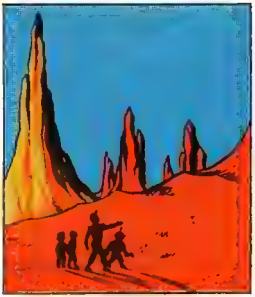


8. Red decided to help the Alphites, so they repaired his rocket, and Red took off for Beta. When he reached a deserted spot of the planet he glided the rocket downwards.

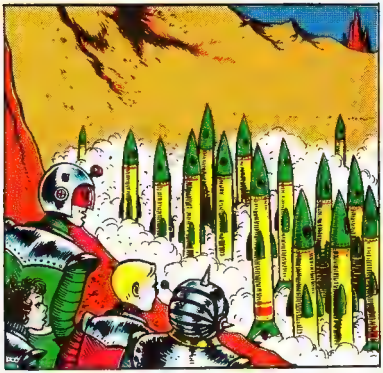




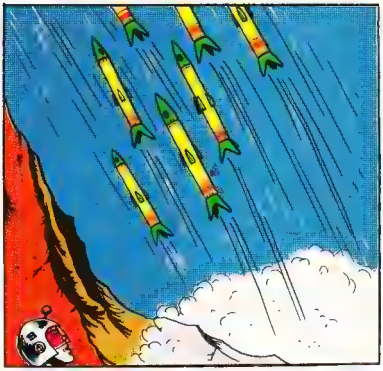
9. Red landed the rocket correctly on its tail. Then he and the children, with Gog to help with the language, set out to explore the Betan planet.

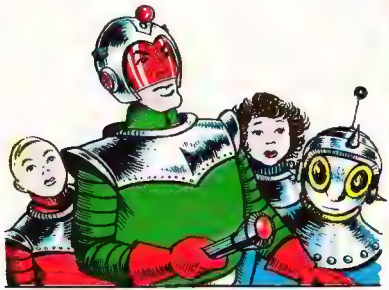


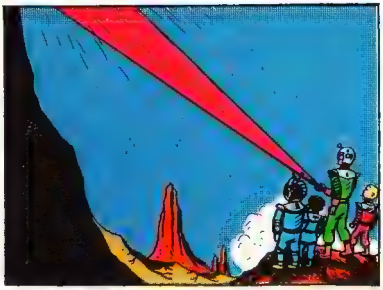
10. Suddenly, they heard a high-pitched, whining noise. "What's that?" asked Philip. "It's coming from over that rise," exclaimed the Space Raynger.



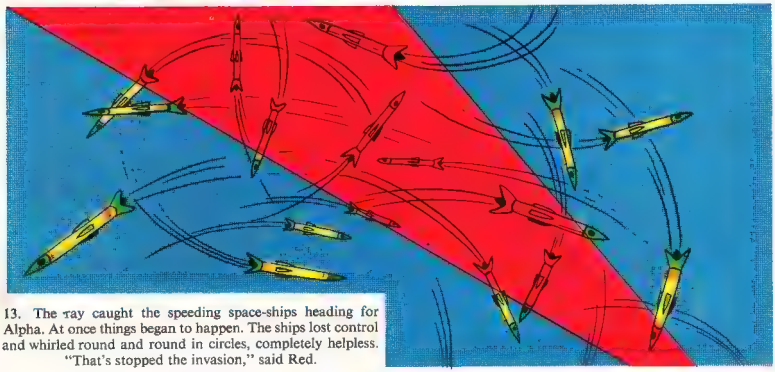
11. The noise came from a crater in which space-ships were about to take off. "An invading force," said Philip.



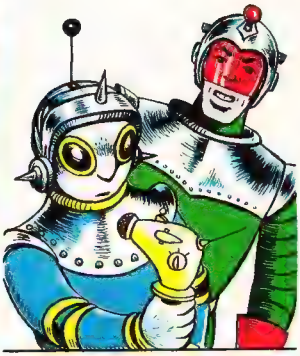




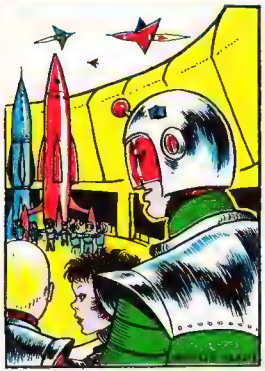
12. The whine became a roar, and before Red could act, the ships zoomed off. "We're too late," groaned Gog. But the Space Raynger switched on his space torch.



13. The ray caught the speeding space-ships heading for Alpha. At once things began to happen. The ships lost control and whirled round and round in circles, completely helpless. "That's stopped the invasion," said Red.



14. Then one of the ships fired a truce signal. "Tell them to make for the conference saucer," Red said to Gog, who translated the message.

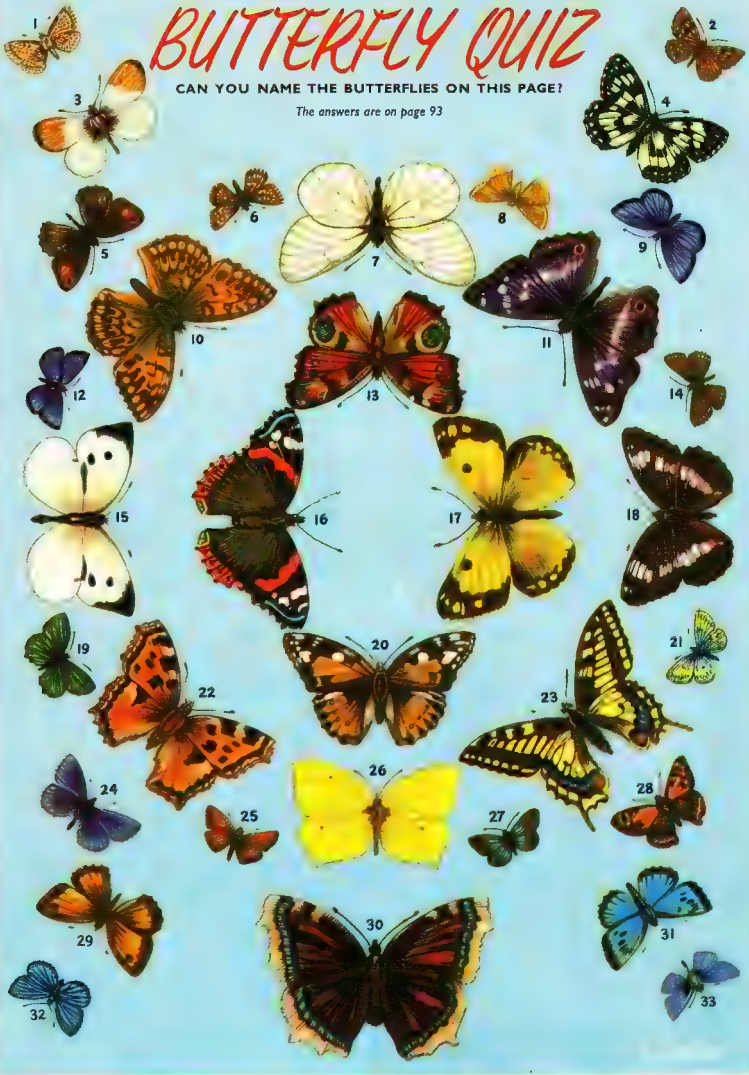


15. A date was fixed for both planets to meet at the neutral ground of the conference saucer. When the Alphites and Betans met on the saucer they discovered that each planet thought the other would attack. "And really nobody wanted to attack at all," said Red. With Alphites and Betans firm friends, Red, Philip and Anne zoomed off to Te Veda.

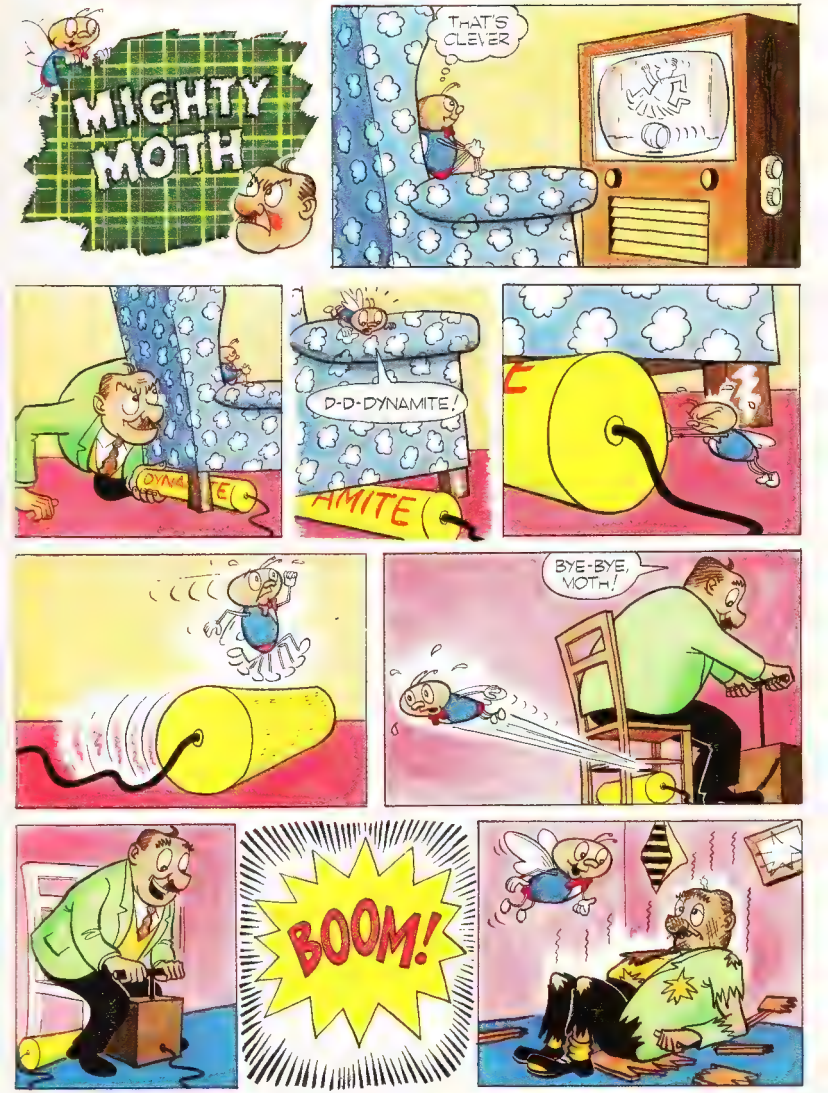
BUTTERFLY QUIZ

CAN YOU NAME THE BUTTERFLIES ON THIS PAGE?

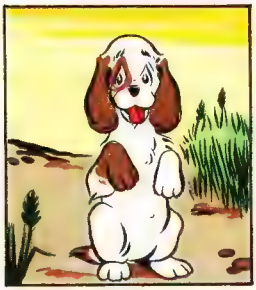
The answers are on page 93



Dad gets a fright—with dynamite!



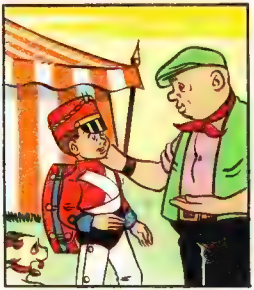
1. Hallo, little Bom! We can hear your drum—bom-diddy-bom-bom. Who's this with you?



2. Why, it's little Wuffy-Dog! Hold out your paw and we'll shake hands. That is right!

3. Away they go. Bom points to something in the distance. "What are all those flags for?"

4. It's a circus! What fun! Look at that roundabout. Hear its gay music playing loudly.



5. "Let's have a ride!" says Bom, and pays their pennies. Which animal will he ride?

6. Look at Bom on that bear! It goes up and down as well as round and round. Hold tight!

7. Oh dear—the bear growls! Bom does not like that and he hops on the duck next to him.

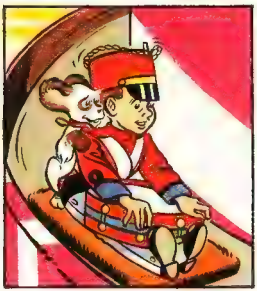
8. The duck quacks when it is sat on, but Bom does not mind that at all! Look at Wuffy.

9. He chooses a cat to sit on. "Gee-up!" he says, but the cat does not like dogs at all.

10. Good gracious, look what's happened! The cat jumps off the roundabout, and runs.

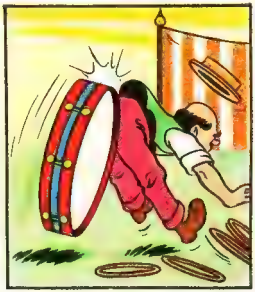
11. Wuffy is still on his back. How everyone laughs! "Hey, don't run away with that dog!"

12. After that, Wuffy keeps near Bom. "Here is a slide," says Bom. "Let's go on it!"



13. Bom puts his drum on his knees when he goes down the slide. Here they go.

14. Oh dear! The drum flies off Bom's knee at the end of the slide, and rolls away fast.



15. Hey, drum, be careful! You've knocked over the hoopla-man, and upset his stall!

16. You've knocked into the balloon-woman's chair. The balloons escape. Away they go!

17. The air is full of the gay balloons. The balloon-woman is cross. She catches Bom.

18. She shakes him. "Pay me for my balloons!" she says. Bom gives her all his money!

19. "Now I've paid for all your balloons!" he says. "So if I catch some, they will be mine!"

20. Some of them are floating down to the ground. "Wuffy—catch them, please!" says Bom.

21. Wuffy is very good at catching the balloon strings. He has four balloons already!

22. And now he has a whole bunch of them. See the balloons floating round his little head!

23. Be careful, Wuffy! The wind is getting up. It's blowing the balloons up into the air!

24. OH, DEAR! Wuffy is going up into the air too. Bom just catches him in time. Hold him!

25. But away go the balloons again, this time so high that nobody can catch them at all.

26. "I did want them so that we could get some pennies," says Bom. "I am so hungry!"

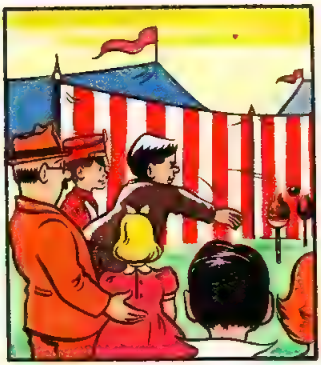
27. "Look at this stall of lovely sandwiches and buns and pies and biscuits and ice-creams!"

28. "Get some money and you can have what you want," says the man. "Don't stand staring!"

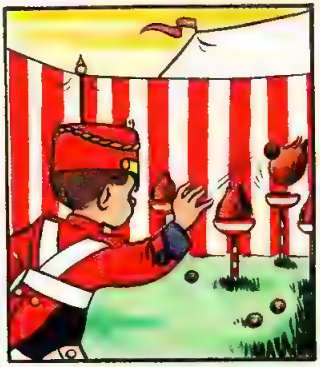
29. Bom goes to the coconut shy. Nobody is throwing at the coconuts. The man looks sad.

30. "I cannot get anyone to come," he says. "Please bang that drum, while I shout."

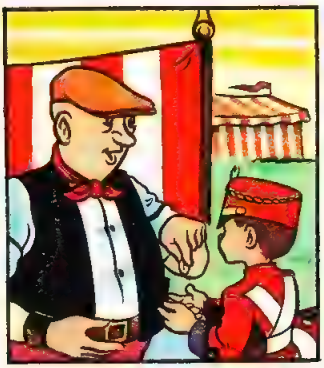
31. So Bom beats his drum. Bom-diddy-bom. Wuffy barks. The man shouts. "Have a shy!"



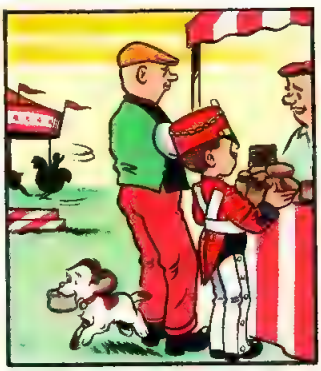
32. Soon a lot of people are round the coconut shy! The man takes lots of pennies!



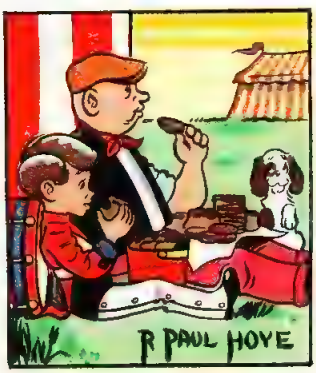
33. He lets Bom have a throw for nothing, and Bom knocks down a coconut. What fun!



34. The coconut man is pleased with Bom's drumming, and pays him a shilling. Bom *is* pleased!



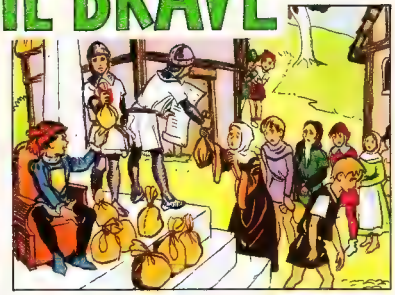
35. And now he and the coconut-man and Wuffy are all buying cakes, pies and buns.



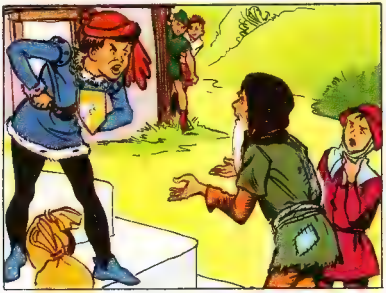
36. They have a wonderful picnic together. "I DO love a Fair," says little Bom.

ROBIN THE BRAVE

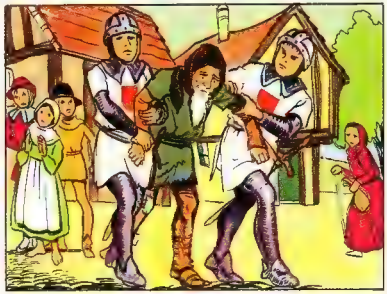
1. Robin the Brave and his Merry Men were on their way to the village of Forestdene. "Look!" Robin cried. "The people have to pay a new tax."



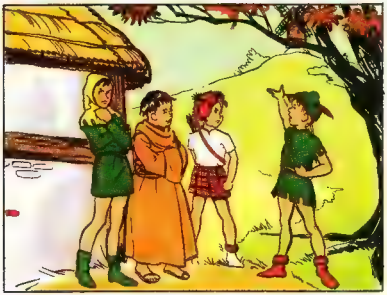
2. When they reached the village square they found the people there already, lining up to pay their dues. Many were giving all they had.



3. When it was Miller Grindwell's turn he said, "I cannot pay. I gave all I had last time." "You'll pay or go to my castle," yelled the Sheriff.



4. "Then prison it must be," sighed the miller. Several of the villagers cried, "Shame!" But no one could afford to help him, and he was marched away.



5. "Shall we rescue him?" murmured Tiny Tom. "We should only cause trouble for the villagers," said Robin. So instead they went to the mill.

6. They found the miller's wife in tears. Robin gave her all the money that he and his men had, and her daughter Jane started out at once to pay the tax.

7. Jane took a short cut through the forest and met the Sheriff and his men with her father in a glade. "I have the money to pay you!" she cried.

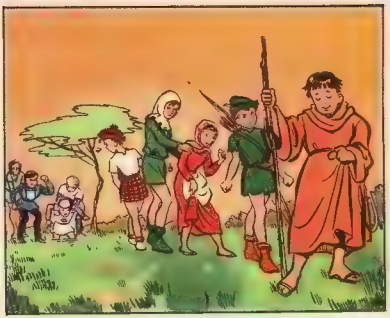
8. Jane paid the Sheriff the money. He stood and laughed at her. "Your father is still coming to the castle," he said, "and you're coming with him."

9. But the girl was very nimble. She dodged away from the men, and ran. She came upon Robin and his men, on their way to their forest home.

10. "Friar! Tom! Help her," cried Robin. "Will and I will hold them up." Quickly Robin and Will Tartan tied spare bow strings across the path.

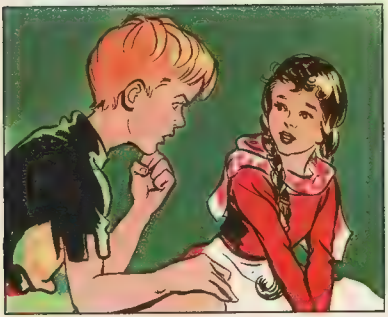
11. The Sheriff and his men were so keen to keep Jane in sight, they had eyes for nothing else. The taut strings tripped them up, and they fell flat.

12. The others ran on until they came to the Green Swamp. "It's dangerous here," said Jane in dismay. "We know the path," said Tom.

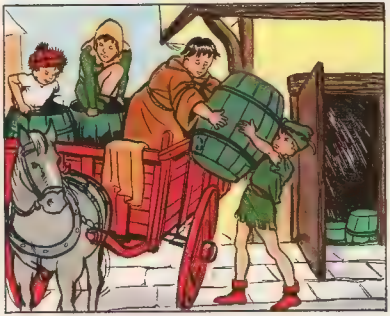


13. Robin and Will caught them up, and Friar Tuck-in led the way. The Sheriff and his men dared not follow across the treacherous swamp.

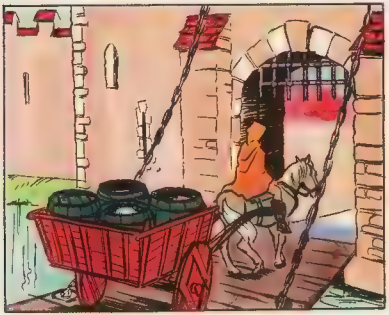
14. Safe at last in Robin's hideout, Jane told her sad story. "The Sheriff took the money, but he still would not let my father go," she said.



15. "He'll be made to work at the castle," said Robin. "They need a new miller. Well, we must rescue him. But first we shall need a wagon."



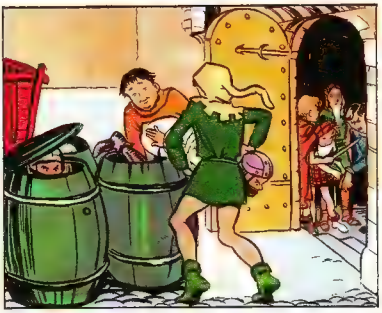
16. They fetched a wagon from the mill, and when it was ready to travel, they went to the village inn and loaded on some empty wine casks.



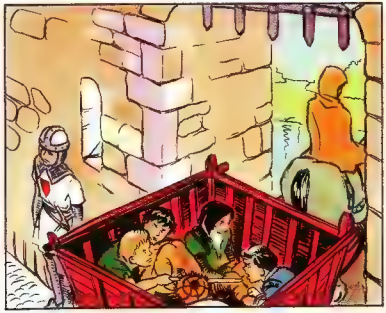
17. Later that day, Robin, disguised as an old wagon-driver, arrived at the castle gate. "I have some wine casks for the Sheriff," he said.

18. Two of the castle guards led him through the gate and away to the big kitchen door. Then out of the wine casks sprang the Merry Men.

19. Leaving his men to deal with the guards, Robin ran into the mill room. His sword ready, he cried to the Sheriff, "You are my prisoner!"



20. The Merry Men had soon taken charge of the guards. Quickly they tied them up and left them neatly hidden in the wine casks by the kitchen door.



21. Then away they all went in the wagon. "Do not call to your guards," warned Robin. "If there is a fight, you will be the first to be hurt."

22. When they reached the quiet hill outside Boilingham, Robin stopped the wagon. "Now give the Miller a receipt for the tax his daughter paid."

23. "Suppose I do not," scowled the Sheriff. "Then you can remain our prisoner," said Robin. The Sheriff signed, and tramped away.

24. The Merry Men took the miller to his happy family. "You gave me all your money," he said. "I'll give you flour. As often as you need it."

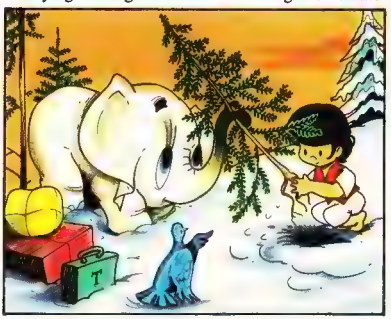
1. Packi, the white elephant, has had a letter from his Grandfather inviting him to spend Christmas at Grandfather's home, Elephant's End.

2. Packi and his friend Tipu, the Indian boy, take the train as far as the foothills of the Snow Mountains. Then they have to walk.

3. After a hard climb they see Grandfather's cave high on the mountain top. "We are nearly there," says Packi. "These presents are heavy!"

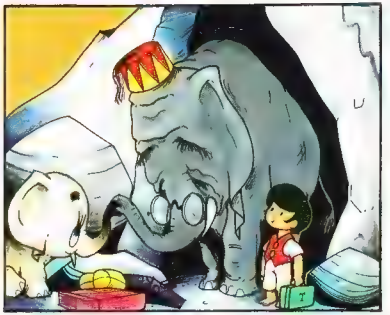
4. Someone has seen them! It is Coo, Grandfather's carrier-pigeon. Coo is very useful for carrying messages. He has a message for them.

5. "Hallo, Packi and Tipu," coos Coo. "Grandfather has asked if you will do him a favour. Please bring a Christmas tree up with you."



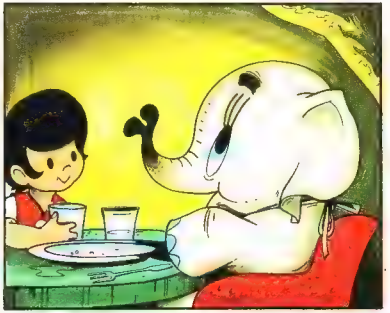
6. "That little fir tree will do very well. Grandfather's rheumatism is very painful or he would have done it himself," Coo tells them.

7. Up the steep, snow-covered slope they struggle. Packi waves the fir tree in his trunk. There is Grandfather waiting to welcome them.



8. "Welcome," booms Grandfather. "Packi, you *have* grown, and so has Tipu. Come on inside," says the old elephant, "you must be hungry."

9. Snug inside Elephant's End, Tipu and Packi sit down to a super Christmas Eve Supper. "Tuck in," says Grandfather as he serves the soup.

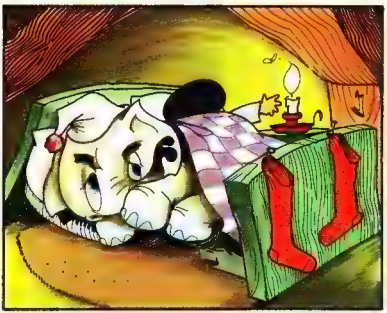


10. Packi eats and eats until his tummy touches the table. "That was a splendid meal," he sighs. "It certainly was," agrees Tipu, yawning.

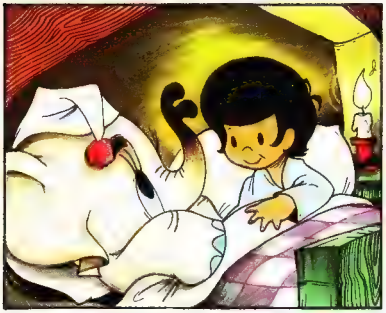
11. "Bed for you!" commands Grandfather. "You have had a tiring day." "I am not tired," argues Packi. But they are bundled off upstairs.

12. "Christmas at Elephant's End is exciting," says Tipu, putting on his pyjamas. "Where are we to hang up our stockings?" Packi asks.

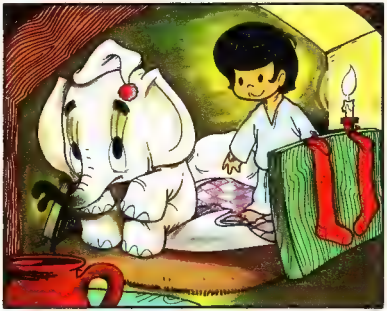
13. They hang their stockings on the end of the bed. Tipu jumps in, and Packi follows. "You need not have jumped quite so hard!" says Tipu.



14. The bed is nearer the ground now—on Packi's side! When Tipu stretches to put the candle out he drags the bedclothes off Packi.

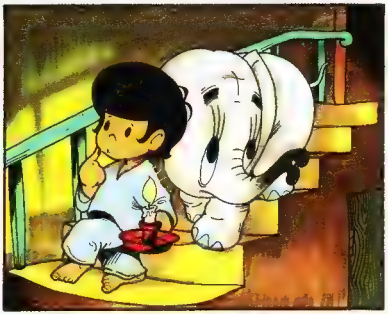


15. "I shall never go to sleep," sighs Packi. "Nor shall I," laughs Tipu. "I am too excited. Shall we go and see what Grandfather is doing?"

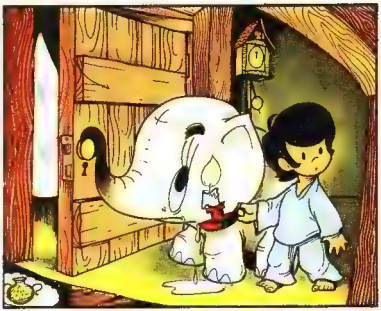


16. "No!" argues Packi. "He would be cross. He is probably getting the Christmas Tree ready." "How wonderful," cries Tipu. "Come on."

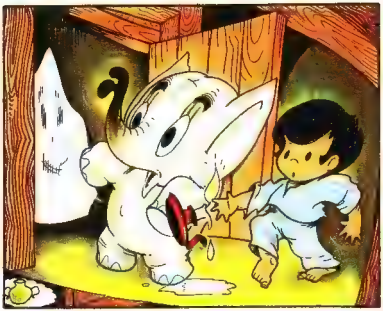
17. Tipu goes to the door and peeps through the keyhole. "Grandfather is going to bed," he whispers. "He has just gone to his room."



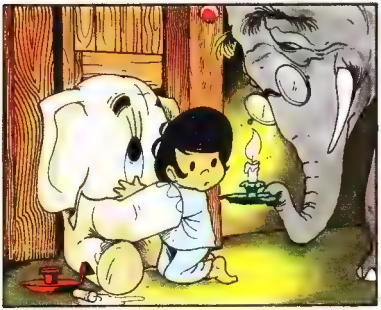
18. "Come on," hisses Tipu. "Do not make a noise!" They creep out of their room, and quietly descend the back stairs to the hall below.



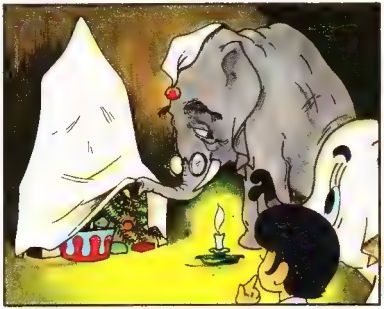
19. Outside the parlour door they wait. "Mind where you are putting that candle-grease," whispers Packi, as he carefully turns the handle.



20. The door opens with a creak. In the darkness of the room they see a white shape! "HELP!" yells Packi. "The parlour is haunted!"



21. They cling together, trembling. Another light approaches. "And what do you think you are doing?" booms Grandfather's deep voice.

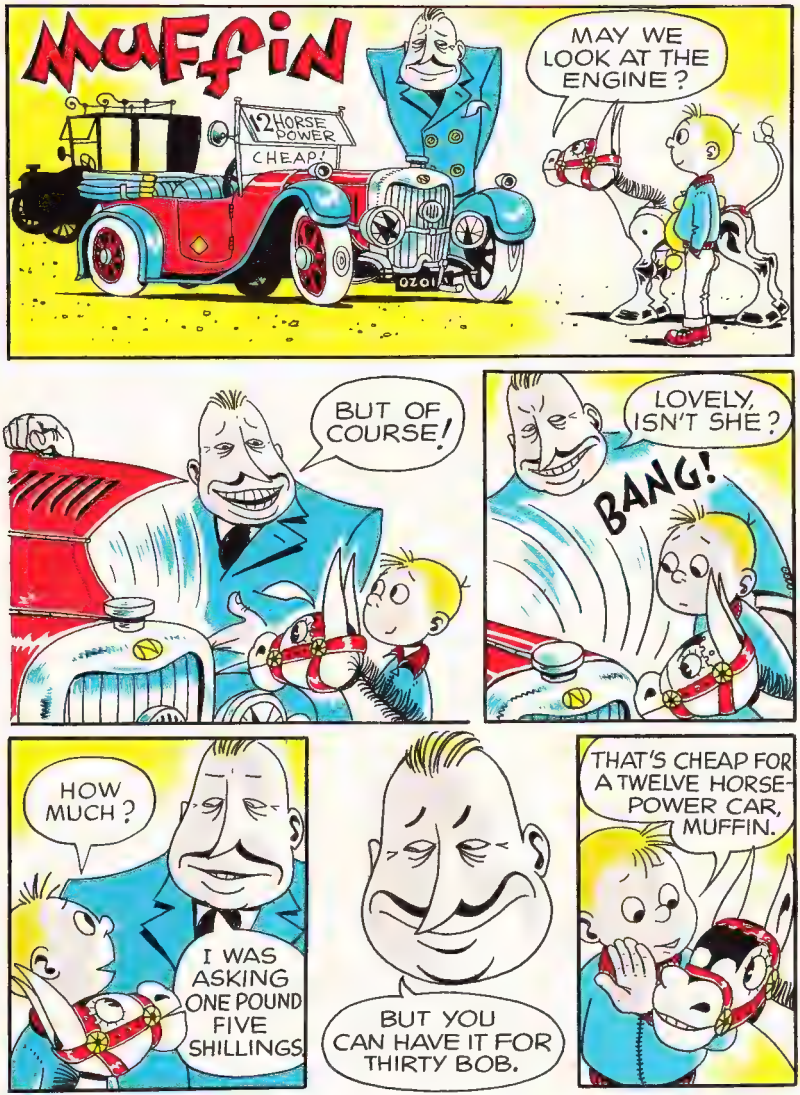


22. "What nonsense!" laughs the old elephant, when Packi has told him. "THIS is your ghost!" Grandfather lifts the sheet from the Christmas tree.

23. How they laugh about it on Christmas Day! What a day! What presents! Grandfather has tobacco and a scarf. Coo has a chocolate cigar.

24. Tipu and Packi are doing well. They have a wonderful time, and Grandfather is very pleased to have them with him for Christmas.

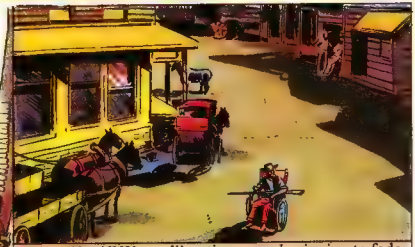
Muffin's motor-car doesn't take him far!



WE'LL TAKE IT.
YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT!
WE'RE OFF!
CHUG CHUG
SHE'S RUNNING WELL!
1 IN 5
I THINK SOMETHING'S WRONG, MUFFIN!
BOOM!
THIRTY BOB FOR A ONE MULE-POWER CAR! WE'VE BEEN ROBBED!
NEVILLE MAIN.

ART CODY SCHOOLBOY SHERIFF

Carbine City was the toughest place in the West. It made Dodge and Abilene seem like holiday resorts! In Carbine City, men did their arguing with six-guns, and the busiest man in town was the doctor. A town like this needed a tough sheriff, and it had one in Matt Cody. But Matt had been a resting-place for more than his fair share of bullets and now he was a cripple for life.

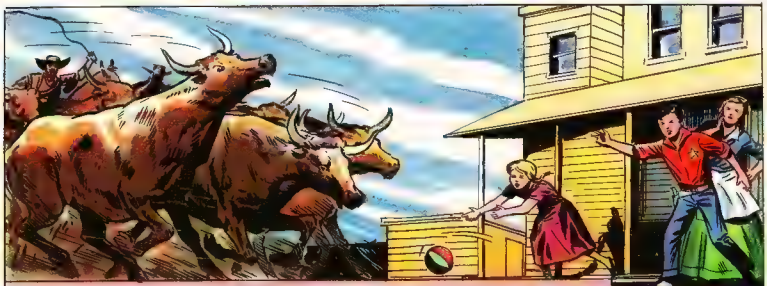


The "Sheriff Wanted" notices were beginning to fade and peel off the boards. Six months they'd hung and nobody had volunteered for the most dangerous job in town. So crippled Matt had to carry on.

Young Art Cody looked like any other schoolboy as he raced home from school.

No sooner had he hung up his school satchel than he was buckling on a heavy gun-belt. Then, fourteen-year-old Art Cody became Sheriff Cody. As his father was unable to work more than a few hours a day, Art had volunteered to assist him until a new sheriff was appointed. That looked like being never!

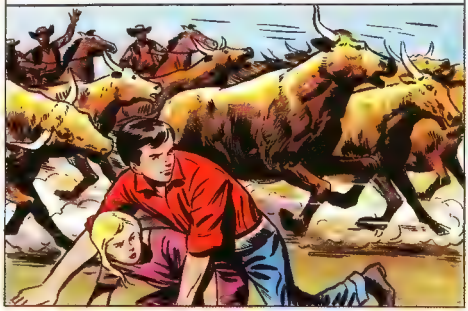
"All's quiet, son. I hope it stays that way," said Matt, pinning the badge on Art's shirt.



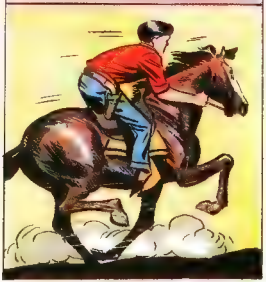
Half an hour later, the quietness was broken. A herd of stampeding cattle, chased by three men on horseback, came racing through the street. "Look out," yelled Art to a little girl who had run to pick up her ball.

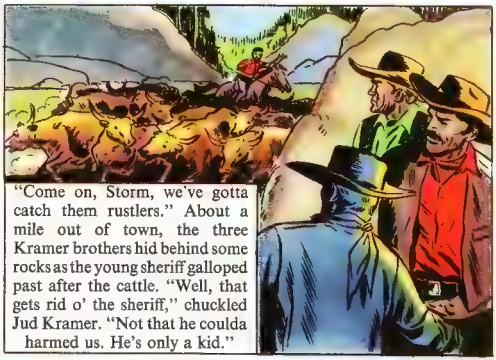
Art acted like lightning. He dived towards the terrified youngster.

He shielded her body with his own as the thundering feet pounded past, much too close for comfort.



"How can I thank you?" cried the little girl's mother, but Art Cody was already racing off on his horse.

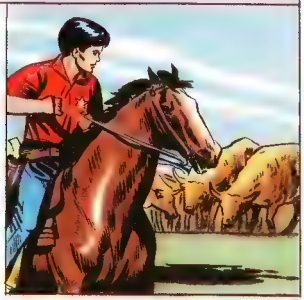




"Come on, Storm, we've gotta catch them rustlers." About a mile out of town, the three Kramer brothers hid behind some rocks as the young sheriff galloped past after the cattle. "Well, that gets rid o' the sheriff," chuckled Jud Kramer. "Not that he coulda harmed us. He's only a kid."

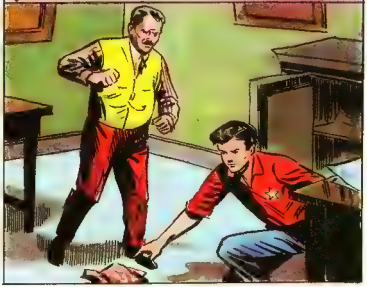
"That was a mighty fine idea, stampeding the herd," said Trig Kramer as the three men rode back into Carbine. "Yeah!" agreed Jud. "But if we'd known the sheriff was only a kid we coulda saved ourselves the trouble."

After riding Storm hard for about an hour, Art came upon the herd, grazing peacefully. "Reckon I've been fooled," he cried. "I'd better hightail it back to town."



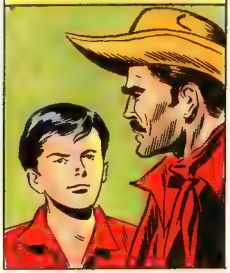
Art raced back to Carbine City and he was just tethering Storm when the Bank Manager ran up shouting, "Sheriff! Three masked men robbed the bank ten minutes ago."

The young lad followed the manager into the bank and looked around. He bent down and picked up a red spotted handkerchief. "This yours?" he asked. "No. Never seen it before."



Art pushed open the doors of the saloon and stepped inside. He quickly spotted three tough-looking men who seemed in high spirits. "Somebody's dropped a handkerchief," said Art, as if he had just picked it up. "That's mine," roared Jud Kramer. "Hand it over, young'un."

"I found this in the bank," said Art. "The bank you've just robbed."

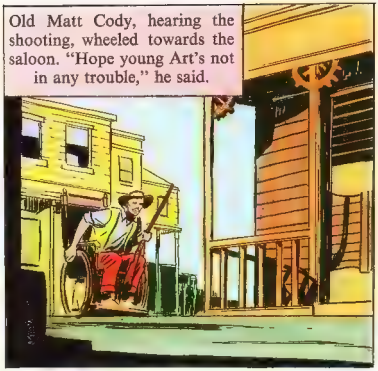


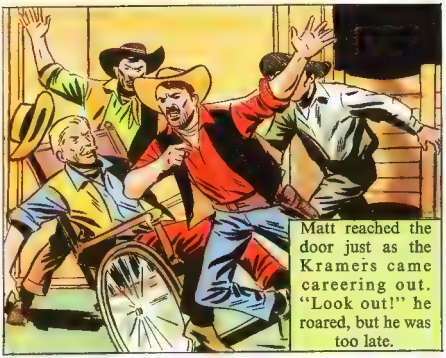
Jud's fist shot out and sent Art back-pedalling across the room. At the same instant, Trig Kramer drew his gun.

As Art fell on his back his hand flew to his gun. He fired without drawing. Trig yelped as his gun was shot out of his hand.

This fancy shooting was too much for the astonished Kramers. They turned and fled.

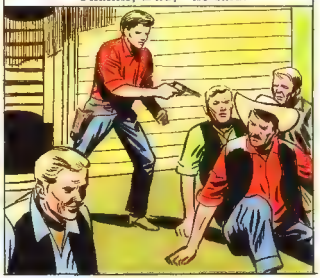
Old Matt Cody, hearing the shooting, wheeled towards the saloon. "Hope young Art's not in any trouble," he said.



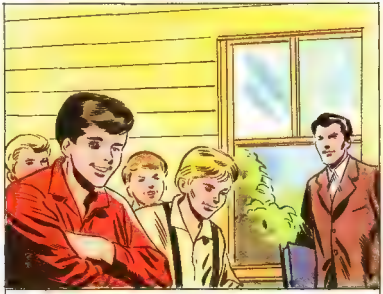


Matt reached the door just as the Kramers came careering out. "Look out!" he roared, but he was too late.

Matt looked up from the dust to see his son standing behind a six-gun which was pointed at the three Kramers. "Thanks, Dad," he said.

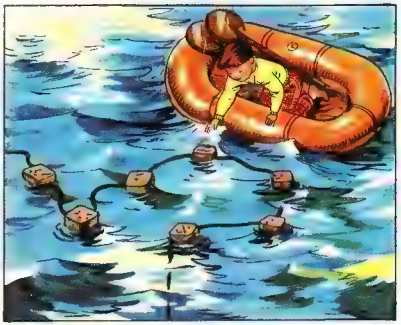


"I reckon I'm some use after all," chuckled Matt as he and Art led the Kramers off to jail.

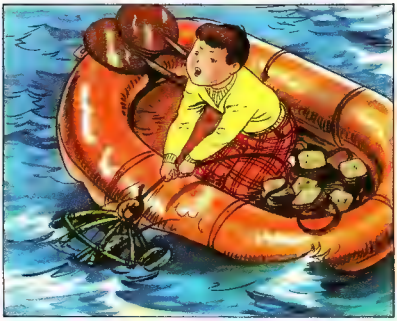


Next day, at school, Art smiled to himself. He was the only fellow who could come to school with a black eye and not get into trouble!

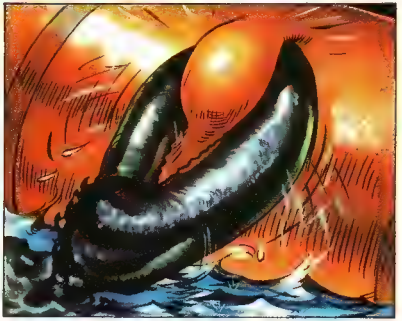
1. Richard has set a trap to catch a lobster. He is paddling out in his dinghy to look at it.



2. Cork floats tied to a rope show Richard the place where the trap lies at the bottom of the sea.

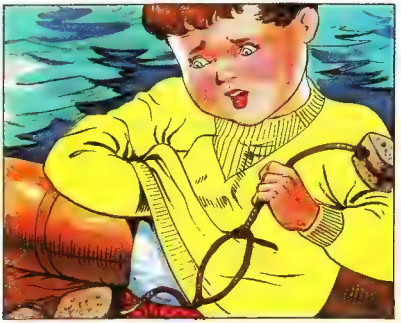


3. He pulls up the rope. Heave-ho! It is heavy. There must be a large lobster in the trap.



4. Yes, there is, and it is very angry. See how it nips at the rubber dinghy with its sharp claws.

5. Bang! The rubber bursts and the air rushes out. Richard knows that the dinghy will sink.



6. He is not a good swimmer, so what can he do? Quickly he stuffs the corks inside his sweater.

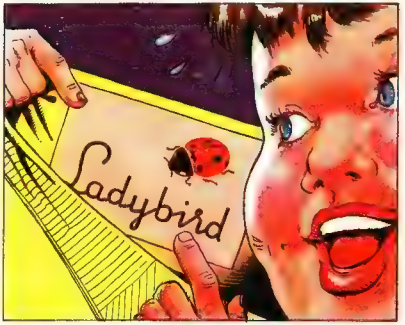
7. The dinghy goes under, and poor Richard falls in the water. Will the corks keep him afloat?

8. The shore is far away, but the corks hold him up. With mighty strokes he tries to swim.

9. An old fisherman has seen the struggling boy. He takes his boat, and rows out to save him.

10. Richard is out of breath and dripping wet when the old sea-dog pulls him into the boat.

11. "That sweater saved your life," says the fisherman. "You would have drowned without it."



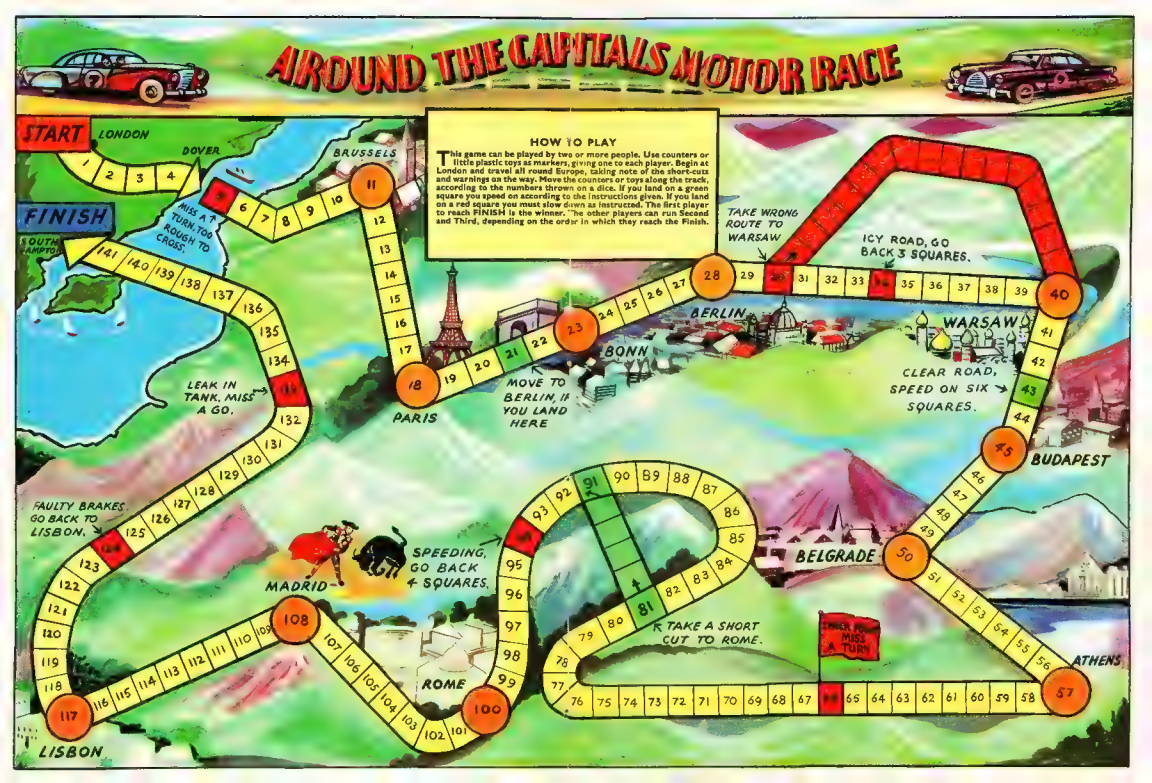
12. "Of course it saved my life," laughs Richard. "It's a Ladybird Sweater. Look at the secret sign."

That other monster is a pest—but clever Lochy comes off best!

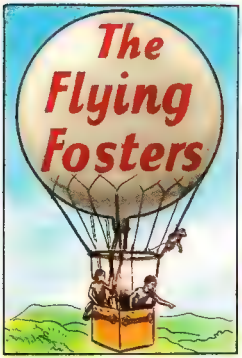
LOCHY

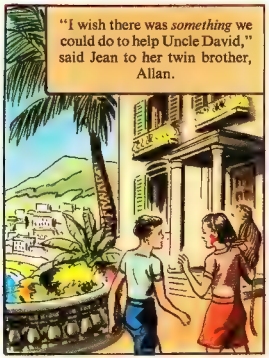
THE FUNNY WEE MONSTER

PLOP!
SPLASH!
HA! HA!
HO! HO!
OHHH!
THUD!
IT'S LUCKY I BROUGHT THIS STICKY TAPE WITH ME.
WE'LL LET HIM OUT WHEN WE'RE FINISHED.
HO! HO! HO!

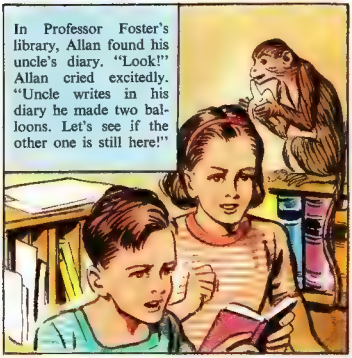

AROUND THE CAPITALS MOTOR RACE
HOW TO PLAY
This game can be played by two or more people. Use counters or little plastic toys as markers, giving one to each player. Begin at London and travel all round Europe, taking note of the short-cuts and warnings on the way. Move the counters or toys along the track, according to the numbers thrown on a dice. If you land on a green square you speed on according to the instructions given. If you land on a red square you must stay down as instructed. The first player to reach FINISH is the winner. The other players can run Second and Third, depending on the order in which they reach the Finish.
START
LONDON
DOVER
FINISH
SOUTHAMPTON
MISS A TURN, TOO ROUGH TO CROSS.
BRUSSELS
PARIS
LEAK IN TANK, MISS A GO.
MOVE TO BERLIN, IF YOU LAND HERE
BONN
BERLIN
TAKE WRONG ROUTE TO WARSAW
ICY ROAD, GO BACK 3 SQUARES.
WARSAW
CLEAR ROAD, SPEED ON SIX SQUARES.
BUDAPEST
BELGRADE
ATHENS
TAKE A SHORT CUT TO ROME.
MISS A TURN
ROME
SPEEDING, GO BACK 4 SQUARES.
MADRID
FAULTY BRAKES, GO BACK TO LISBON.
LISBON

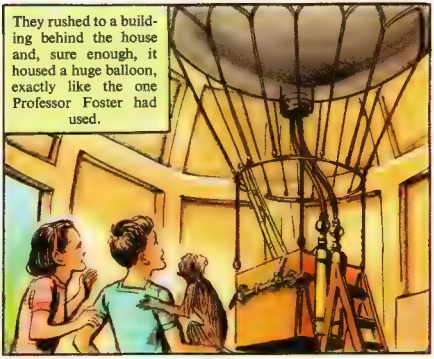
High-flying thrills with the Foster twins!



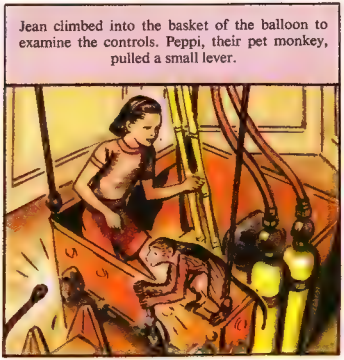


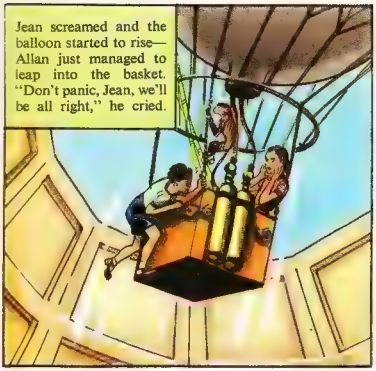
The boy and girl were Jean and Allan Foster. Their uncle, Professor David Foster, had set off ten days before in a balloon to investigate the unexplored jungles of South America. Since then, there had been no news of him. So the twins decided to visit his house in Rio de Janeiro in Brazil to search for anything that might give them a clue as to where their uncle might be.

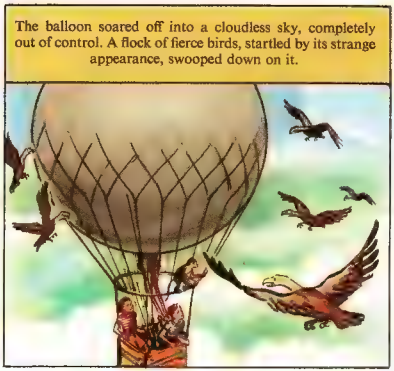

In Professor Foster's library, Allan found his uncle's diary. "Look!" Allan cried excitedly. "Uncle writes in his diary he made two balloons. Let's see if the other one is still here!"


They rushed to a building behind the house and, sure enough, it housed a huge balloon, exactly like the one Professor Foster had used.

Allan pulled a lever just inside the door and the whole of the roof slid open. This was one of their uncle's inventions.
ROOF CONTROL

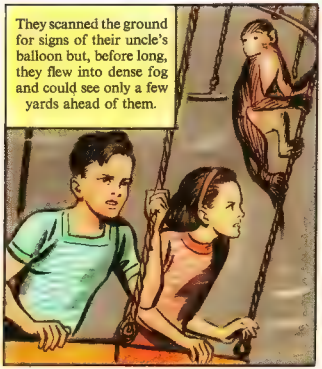


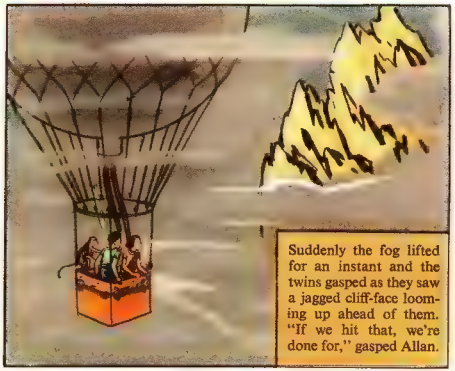

Jean screamed and the balloon started to rise—Allan just managed to leap into the basket. "Don't panic, Jean, we'll be all right," he cried.


The balloon soared off into a cloudless sky, completely out of control. A flock of fierce birds, startled by its strange appearance, swooped down on it.

The twins fought them off with long poles—one touch from those sharp claws would rip the balloon wide open. And that would spell death for Jean and Allan.

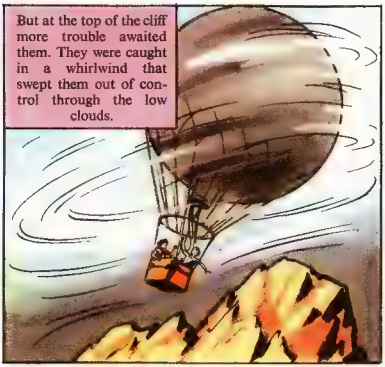
At last the birds flew away, beaten. Jean and Allan were tired out by the struggle, but they realised that they had to learn about the balloon's controls quickly. After many attempts, they were able to make the balloon go up and down as they wished—but they were still at the mercy of the wind that carried them ever farther from the sea. Suddenly Jean turned to her brother. "Allan," she said, "Uncle David must have been blown by this wind too. We may be going in exactly the same direction as he did."


They scanned the ground for signs of their uncle's balloon but, before long, they flew into dense fog and could see only a few yards ahead of them.


Suddenly the fog lifted for an instant and the twins gasped as they saw a jagged cliff-face looming up ahead of them. "If we hit that, we're done for," gasped Allan.

Allan grabbed one of the bamboo poles and fended the balloon off the cliff. Jean rushed to the control panel and sent the balloon soaring upwards.

But at the top of the cliff more trouble awaited them. They were caught in a whirlwind that swept them out of control through the low clouds.

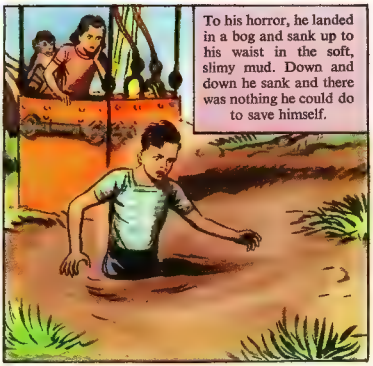


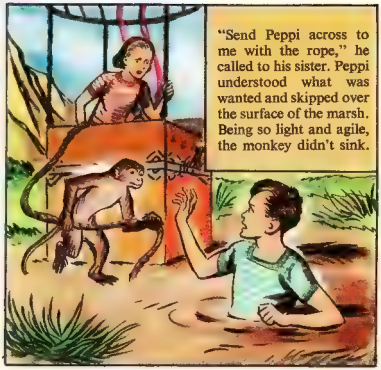
As suddenly as the whirlwind had sprung up, it died away. The balloon drifted on in calm, warm air. "My goodness! That was a near thing!" sighed Jean.

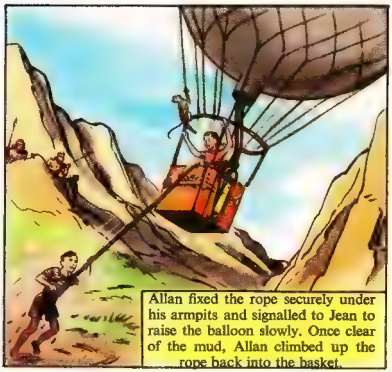
Allan and Jean struggled to their feet and looked over the side of the basket. Below them lay a valley hemmed in by cliffs. They decided to land to check the balloon for damage.

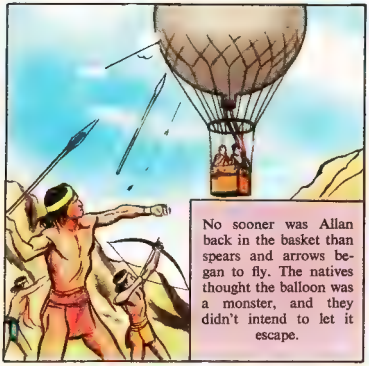
When they were still a few feet from the ground, Allan jumped out to help steady the balloon for its landing.

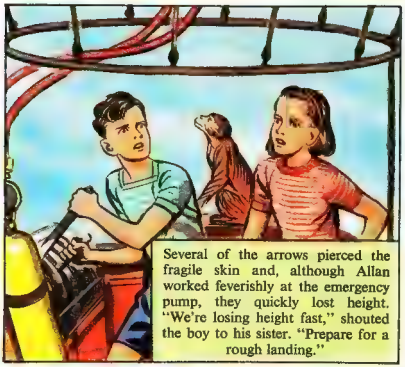
To his horror, he landed in a bog and sank up to his waist in the soft, slimy mud. Down and down he sank and there was nothing he could do to save himself.

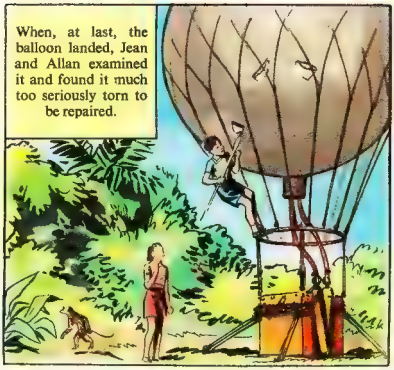


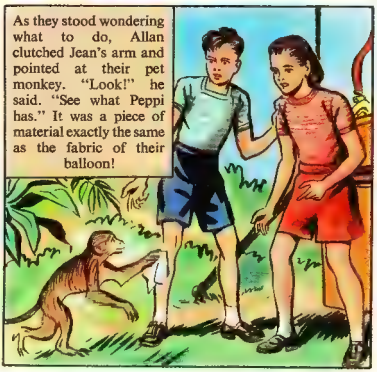

"Send Peppi across to me with the rope," he called to his sister. Peppi understood what was wanted and skipped over the surface of the marsh. Being so light and agile, the monkey didn't sink.


Allan fixed the rope securely under his armpits and signalled to Jean to raise the balloon slowly. Once clear of the mud, Allan climbed up the rope back into the basket.


No sooner was Allan back in the basket than spears and arrows began to fly. The natives thought the balloon was a monster, and they didn't intend to let it escape.


Several of the arrows pierced the fragile skin and, although Allan worked feverishly at the emergency pump, they quickly lost height. "We're losing height fast," shouted the boy to his sister. "Prepare for a rough landing."


When, at last, the balloon landed, Jean and Allan examined it and found it much too seriously torn to be repaired.


As they stood wondering what to do, Allan clutched Jean's arm and pointed at their pet monkey. "Look!" he said. "See what Peppi has." It was a piece of material exactly the same as the fabric of their balloon!

"Where did you get this, Peppi?" asked Jean. "Show us." The monkey took the girl by the hand and led her into the forest. Allan left the balloon and followed his sister.

They had not gone far, when a shot rang out and a bullet ricochetted off a rock barely inches away from Jean's head. Jean was too scared to move, but little Peppi scampered off, chattering with fear.

"Don't shoot," shouted Allan. "Who's there?" A man ran out of the cave and stared at them bewildered Allan gasped, "It's Uncle David!"

"Well, bless my soul, how did you get here?" said Professor Foster. "But never mind that now. You can tell me later. This valley is swarming with hostile natives. We had better patch up your balloon with what's left of mine."

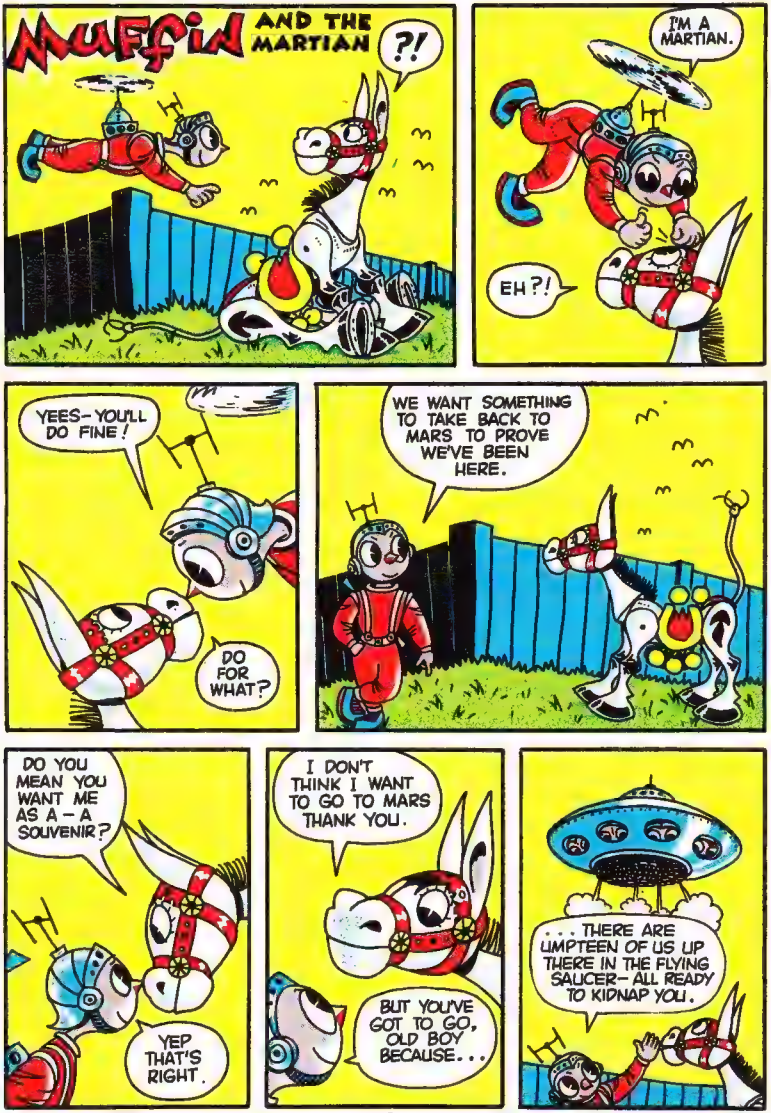
Professor Foster worked like a Trojan and soon the balloon was repaired. The natives rushed in to make one last attack on the strange monster.

They were too late. The Flying Fosters had started on their journey home. Jean and Allan had had enough adventure to last them a lifetime!

Gosh! Golly! Well I never! This keepy-up could last for ever!

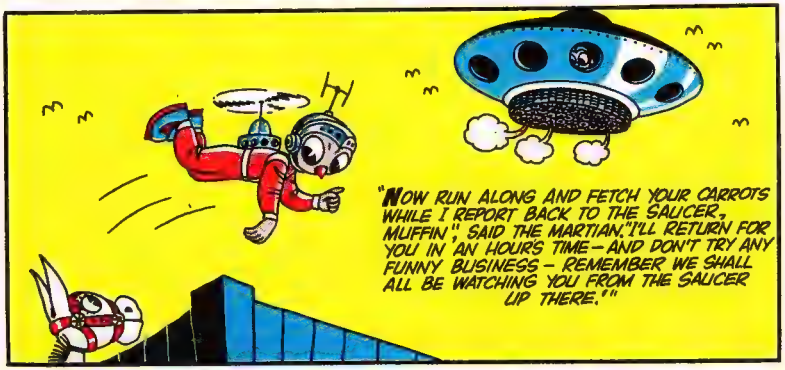
TERRY HALL'S LENNY THE LION

Run, Moth, run! Dad's got a gun!

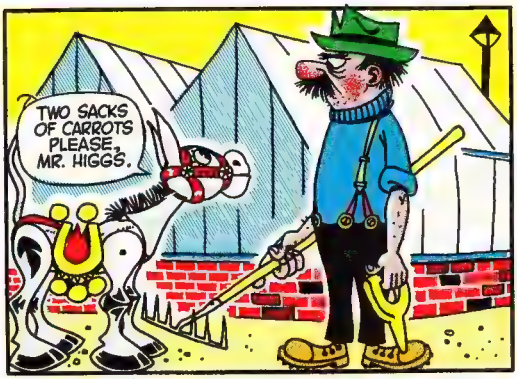

MUFFIN AND THE MARTIAN
?!
I'M A MARTIAN.
EH?!
YEES- YOU'LL DO FINE!
DO FOR WHAT?
WE WANT SOMETHING TO TAKE BACK TO MARS TO PROVE WE'VE BEEN HERE.
DO YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME AS A - A SOUVENIR?
YEP THAT'S RIGHT.
I DON'T THINK I WANT TO GO TO MARS THANK YOU.
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO GO, OLD BOY BECAUSE...
...THERE ARE UMPTEEN OF US UP THERE IN THE FLYING SAUCER- ALL READY TO KIDNAP YOU.

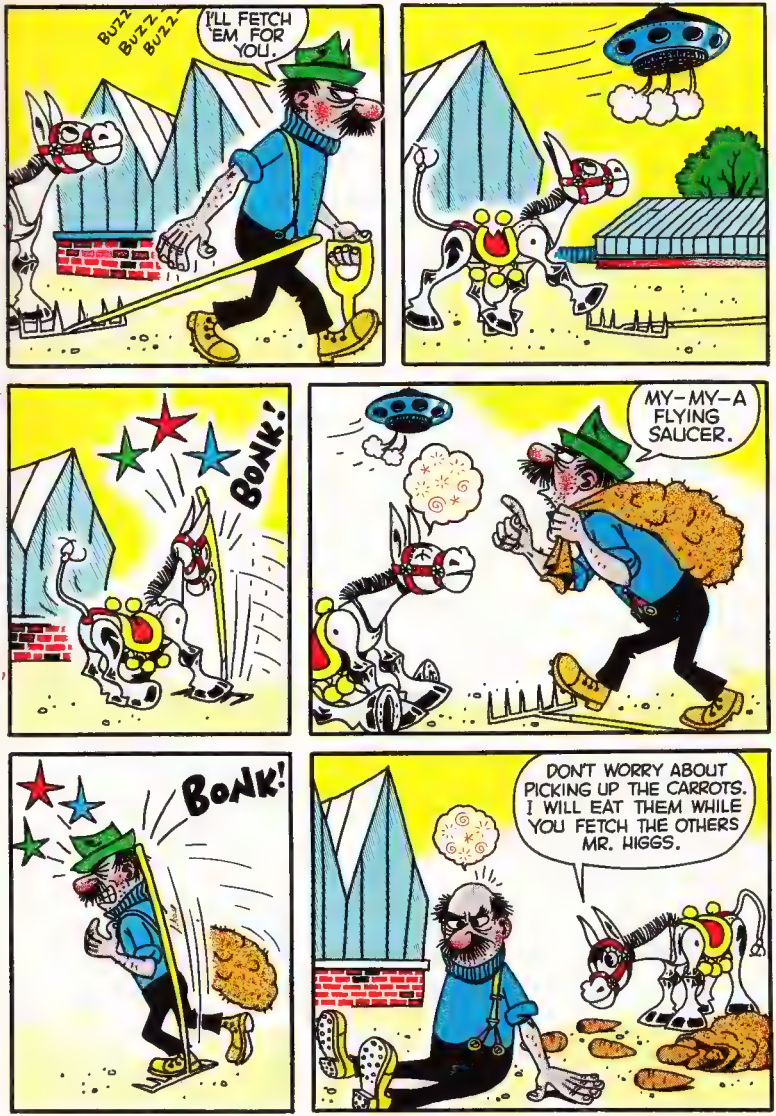
HAVE YOU ANY CARROTS ON MARS?
'CARROTS' – WHAT ARE THEY?

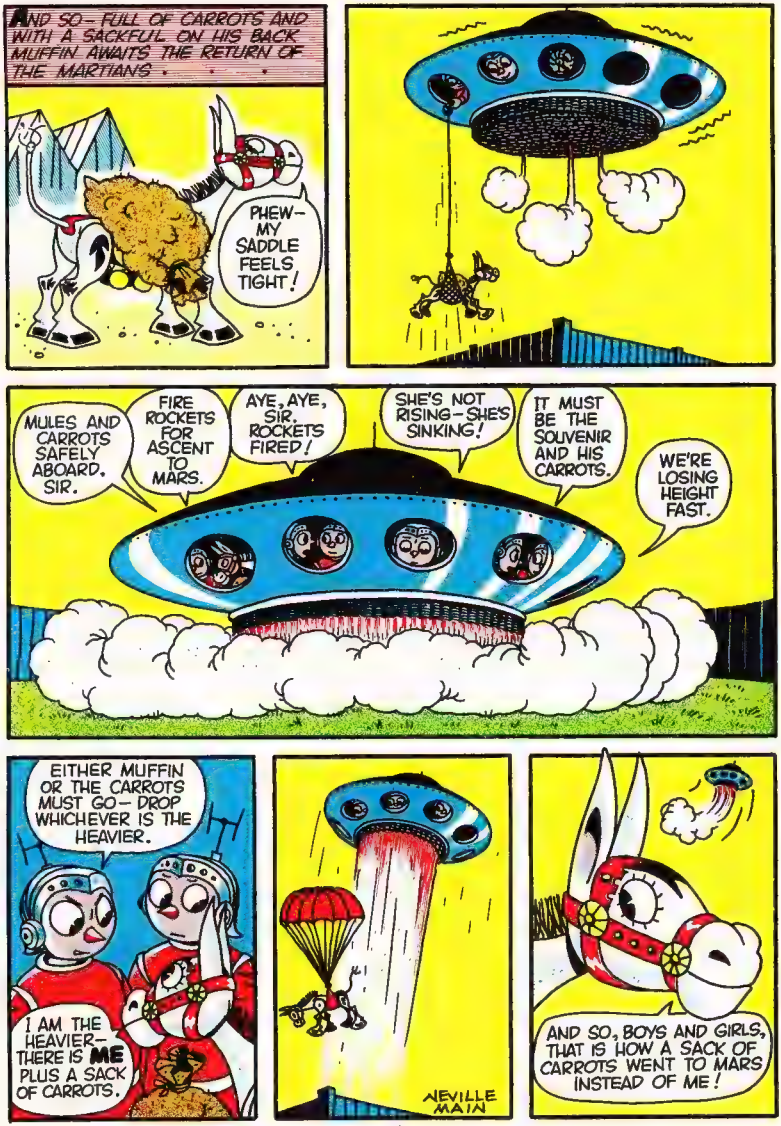
THEY ARE WHAT I LIVE ON – IF I DON'T EAT CARROTS I PERISH.
THEN YOU'D BETTER BRING SOME WITH YOU BUT NOT TOO MANY, OTHERWISE YOU WILL MAKE THE SAUCER TOO HEAVY TO TAKE OFF FOR MARS.


"NOW RUN ALONG AND FETCH YOUR CARROTS WHILE I REPORT BACK TO THE SAUCER, MUFFIN," SAID THE MARTIAN, "I'LL RETURN FOR YOU IN AN HOURS TIME – AND DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY BUSINESS – REMEMBER WE SHALL ALL BE WATCHING YOU FROM THE SAUCER UP THERE."

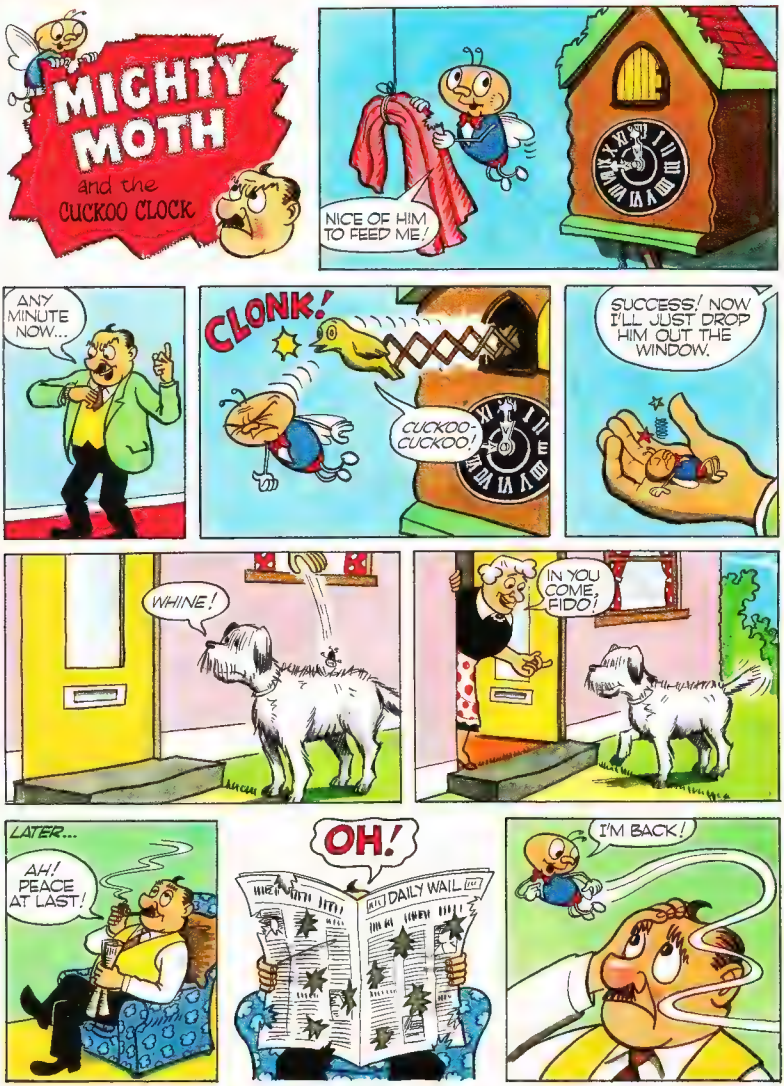
SO MUFFIN PUT ON HIS THINKING CAP. . .
IF ONLY I WEIGHED A TON OR SO – I KNOW – I WILL MAKE MYSELF HEAVY.


TWO SACKS OF CARROTS PLEASE, MR. HIGGS.


BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ
I'LL FETCH 'EM FOR YOU.
BONK!
MY-MY-A FLYING SAUCER.
BONK!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT PICKING UP THE CARROTS. I WILL EAT THEM WHILE YOU FETCH THE OTHERS MR. HIGGS.


AND SO - FULL OF CARROTS AND WITH A SACKFUL ON HIS BACK MUFFIN AWAITS THE RETURN OF THE MARTIANS . . .
PHEW - MY SADDLE FEELS TIGHT!
MULES AND CARROTS SAFELY ABOARD, SIR.
FIRE ROCKETS FOR ASCENT TO MARS.
AYE, AYE, SIR. ROCKETS FIRED!
SHE'S NOT RISING - SHE'S SINKING!
IT MUST BE THE SOUVENIR AND HIS CARROTS.
WE'RE LOSING HEIGHT FAST.
EITHER MUFFIN OR THE CARROTS MUST GO - DROP WHICHEVER IS THE HEAVIER.
I AM THE HEAVIER - THERE IS ME PLUS A SACK OF CARROTS.
NEVILLE MAIN
AND SO, BOYS AND GIRLS, THAT IS HOW A SACK OF CARROTS WENT TO MARS INSTEAD OF ME!

Laughs and chuckles, fun untold –when Mighty Moth is knocked out cold!



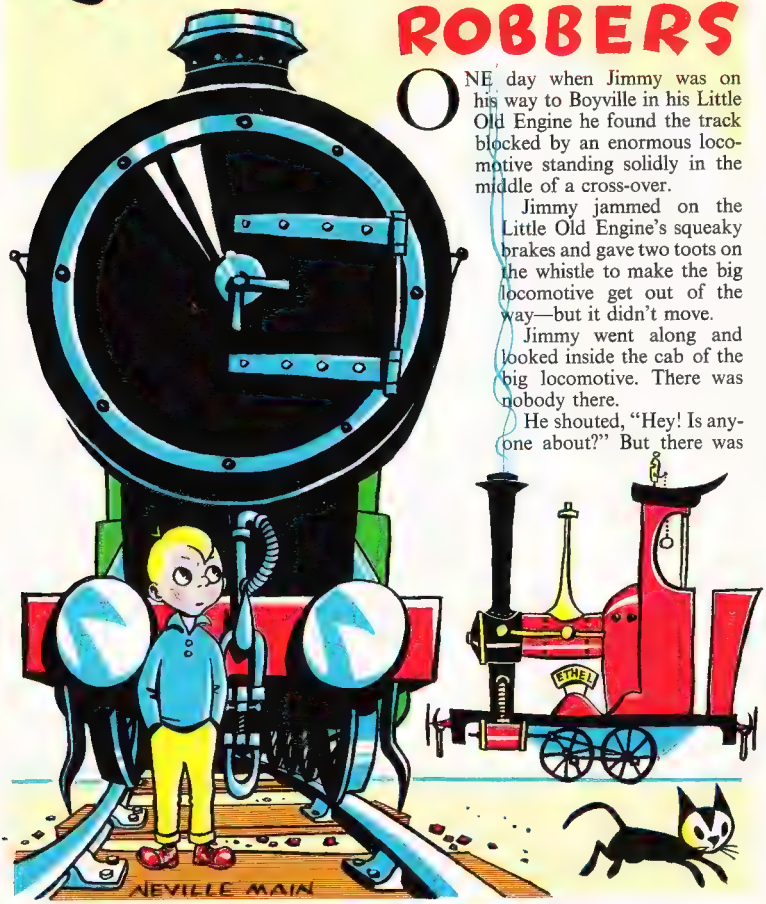
JIMMY and the STATION ROBBERS

ONE day when Jimmy was on his way to Boyville in his Little Old Engine he found the track blocked by an enormous locomotive standing solidly in the middle of a cross-over.

Jimmy jammed on the Little Old Engine's squeaky brakes and gave two toots on the whistle to make the big locomotive get out of the way—but it didn't move.

Jimmy went along and looked inside the cab of the big locomotive. There was nobody there.

He shouted, "Hey! Is anyone about?" But there was



no reply, in fact, there was no sign of the engine-driver anywhere.

"I wonder who can have been so careless as to leave a thing like that lying about, William," Jimmy said to his cat, then he added, "You had better run along to the station and see if the engine-driver is there."

William bounded away, round the big locomotive, through the sidings, past the goods sheds and the water tower and over the rails to the sloping end of Boyville station platform. Then he ran along the platform, and he was just going to run into the waiting-room when he heard a dog growl.

Quiet as a beetle walking across a leaf, William tip-toed to the waiting-room door, which was open, and peeped inside.

The sight which met his eyes made him gasp.

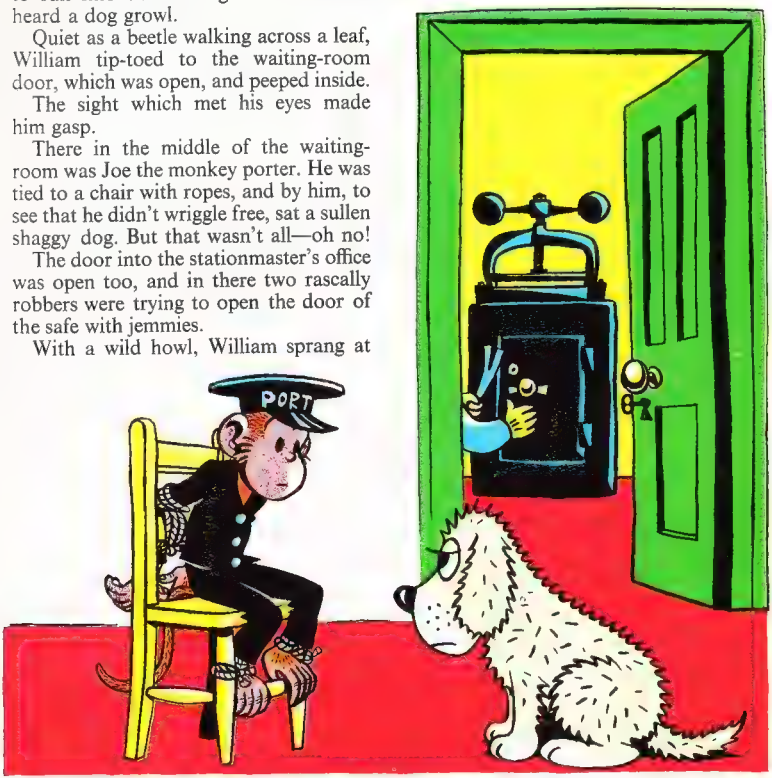
There in the middle of the waiting-room was Joe the monkey porter. He was tied to a chair with ropes, and by him, to see that he didn't wriggle free, sat a sullen shaggy dog. But that wasn't all—oh no!

The door into the stationmaster's office was open too, and in there two rascally robbers were trying to open the door of the safe with jemmies.

With a wild howl, William sprang at the sullen shaggy dog. The dog was so surprised by the suddenness of William's attack, it ran into the stationmaster's office. Quicker than it takes to tell, William bit through the ropes tying Joe to the chair. Joe leapt up, slammed the office door and turned the key.

The robbers were trapped. Locked in the stationmaster's office!

Joe wondered what to do next. The stationmaster was away and he wouldn't be back for hours. While Joe was wondering, it was William, the cat of action, who decided what was to be done.



He ran out of the waiting-room, along the platform, over the rails in one bound, past the water tower and the goods sheds, through the sidings to where Jimmy and his Little Old Engine were waiting.

Mee-owing like mad, William soon made Jimmy realise that there was trouble at Boyville Station. Back they ran together, through the sidings, past the goods sheds and the water tower, over the rails to the sloping end of Boyville Station platform and into the waiting-room where Joe was anxiously waiting.

The din was terrific. The robbers were hammering on the door with their jemmies, trying to break it down.

The station telephone was inside the stationmaster's office, but Jimmy knew there would be another one in the signal box half a mile away along the main line.

He fumbled in his trouser pockets until he found a stub of pencil, then on the back of a day-trip leaflet he wrote an urgent message to the signal-man.

"BURGLARS AT BOYVILLE STATION. TELL POLICE TO COME AT ONCE. YOURS, JIMMY."

He gave the message to Joe and told him to run with it as fast as he could go to the signal box.

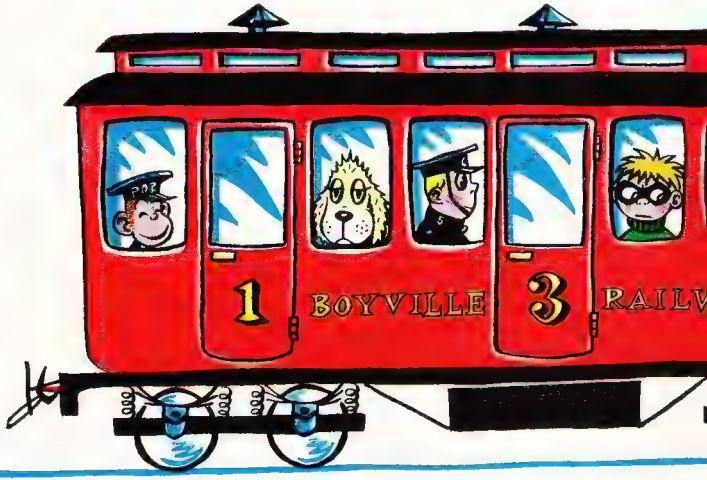
The robbers continued to hammer furiously on the door with their jemmies and, just in case they managed to break it down, Jimmy stood by with the chair raised above his head, ready to strike the rascals, should they try to escape.

In spite of all the robbers' efforts the door held. Half an hour later the police arrived on their bicycles. Two of them, one in a flat hat and one in a helmet.

"We shall have to take down some particulars," said the one in the helmet, pulling a black book from his pocket.

Jimmy told the police how he had found the big locomotive blocking his way on the cross-over, and how William had gone to Boyville Station to find the driver.

"Sounds like the work of Stan and Sid the notorious station robbers," said the policeman in the flat hat. "They always steal a locomotive first, then they block the line leading to the station they are going to rob. Then, when they have



finished the job, they use the locomotive for their get-away."

"If it is them you are lucky," added the policeman in the helmet, "because there is a big reward for anyone giving information leading to their capture."

Then the police told Jimmy, Joe, and William to stand back while they unlocked the stationmaster's office door.

The robbers rushed out of the office like rugger players heading for the touchline. There was a brief scuffle, then, with two loud clicks, the police snapped handcuffs on to the rascals' wrists, and they were under arrest.

Jimmy and Joe went back to the crossover and Jimmy drove the big locomotive into a siding. Then he drove the Little Old Engine into another siding, and coupled it to a coach which was standing there.

A few minutes later the Little Old Engine chuffed into Boyville Station where the policemen and the two robbers were waiting on the platform for Jimmy to take them to Boyville Police Station.

"Where is William?" cried Jimmy.

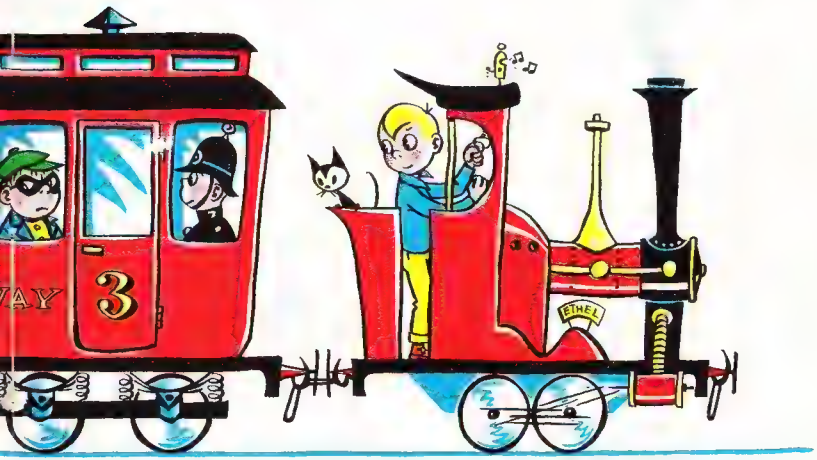
"William? Who is William?" asked the policeman in the helmet.

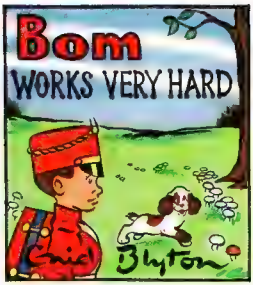
"He is my little cat," replied Jimmy, "and now I think of it I haven't seen him since you let the robbers out of the stationmaster's office. Run and see if he is in there, Joe."

Joe went back into the waiting-room. When he reached the office door he found William, his fur bristling, making horrible cat noises as he stood barring the way in front of the robbers' sullen shaggy dog, whom everyone else had forgotten. The sullen shaggy dog looked very worried, and he seemed quite glad to be arrested by Joe.

They all climbed into the coach, and Jimmy drove them to Boyville Police Station. There the Chief Constable handed him a large reward for helping to capture the notorious station robbers Stan and Sid.

Before going back to the station, Jimmy called at the tuckshop, where he spent some of the reward buying cream buns and fizzy lemonade. Later, he, Joe, and William had a scrumptious feast.

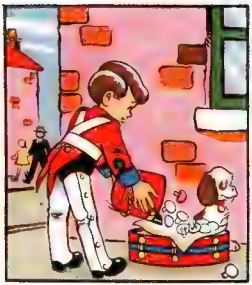




1. Bom and his dog Wuffy were looking very sad. It was because they were both hungry.

2. "We must find some work to do. Let's pick mushrooms and sell them," says Bom.

3. They begin picking mushrooms as fast as they can, and they put them into Bom's hat!



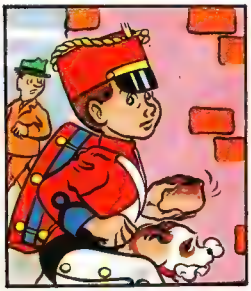
4. Then they go into the nearby town. Bom quickly spreads a big handkerchief over his drum.

5. He puts the mushrooms on the hanky. What a lot of people come to buy. Look out, Bom!

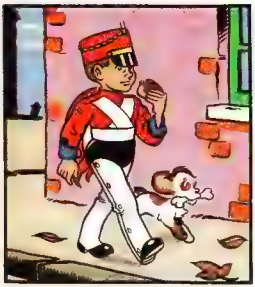
6. A soldier arrives. "I'll tell Captain Bang you're here! You must come with me!" he says.

7. Poor Bom! He throws the rest of the mushrooms at the soldier and runs off with Wuffy.

8. "I made just a little money," he says. "I'll buy a pie for myself, and also a bone for you."



9. "We'll eat them when we're out of this town. The soldiers will be after us!" cries Bom.



10. "Wuff-wuff," says Wuffy. Bom knows that he means, "we'll get another job, Bom!"

11. They do! A road-sweeper calls, and asks them to help him. "Take this broom," he says.

12. "Help me sweep the leaves. I cannot sweep them all. The wind keeps blowing," he cries.

13. "It makes them fly away! That's right—sweep hard and I'll pay you." Wuffy helps too.

14. He carries the biggest leaves in his mouth for Bom, and puts them on top of the big heap.

15. Bom sweeps hard, and soon has a great big pile of leaves. Look out, Bom, do look out!

16. The soldier arrives. "I've told Captain Bang!" he cries. "The soldiers are coming now!"

17. Bom rushes at him with his big broom—and he sweeps him up with all the old leaves!

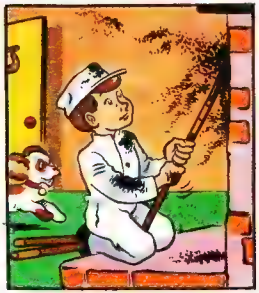
18. Bom and Wuffy run away, and leave the soldier in the middle of the big heap of leaves.

19. "Oh *dear*—we couldn't stop to be paid for that job," says Bom, as they run away.

20. "What does this lady want? Isn't she dirty, black as soot! Good-day, Madam!" says Bom.

21. "Oh, please will you sweep my chimney for me?" says the lady. "I've tried and tried!"

22. "Certainly!" says Bom. "May I have an overall to cover my clean uniform?" Bom asks.



23. She gives him a fine overall! Bom takes the poles and brush, and puts them up the chimney.

24. Down comes a great pile of soot. WHAT a lot! Bom is now as black as a real sweep!

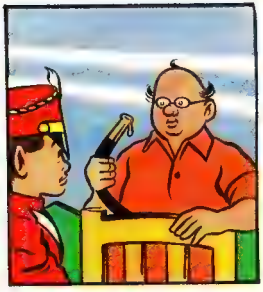
25. Wuffy is now a black dog! Along comes the horrid soldier. "Have you seen Bom?" he asks.

26. "Yes! Here he is!" cries Bom, and he empties the sack of soot all over the poor soldier!

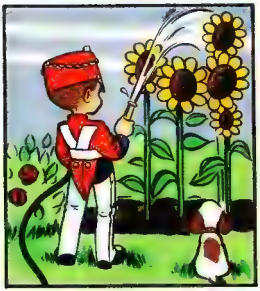
27. Away goes Bom before the soldier knows what has happened. Now the soldier is black!

28. Bom is frightened. "I'm afraid ALL the soldiers will come after us, Wuffy," he says.

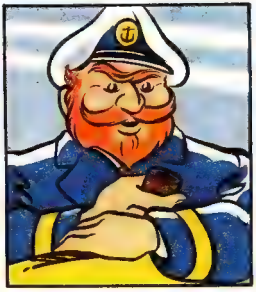
29. They *do* come, and Captain Bang too! Bom and Wuffy have to hurry off once again.



30. Bom finds another job. It is a good one! He has a chance of watering Mr. Pop's garden!



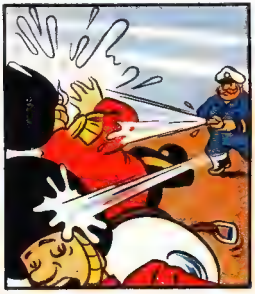
31. Whoooosh-whoosh! The water rushes out of the hose on to Mr. Pop's big sunflowers!



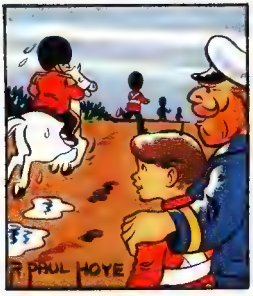
32. Up comes dear old Skipper Heave-Ho, Bom's friend. "Hallo, Bom!" he says.

33. "Oh, Skipper! I'm *so* pleased to see you!" says Bom. "The soldiers are after me."

34. "So they are!" says the Skipper, and points down the road to the marching soldiers.



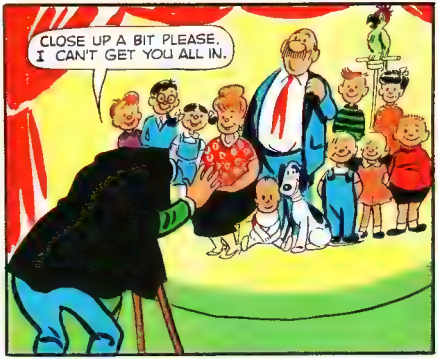
35. "Surrender, Bom!" shouts Captain Bang, on his horse. The Skipper snatches the hose.

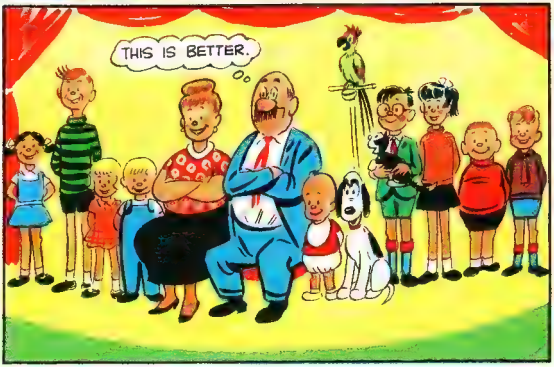


36. Down go the soldiers. Captain Bang gallops off. Bom is safe! Hurrah for Heave-Ho!

The family photograph—is just one great, big laugh!

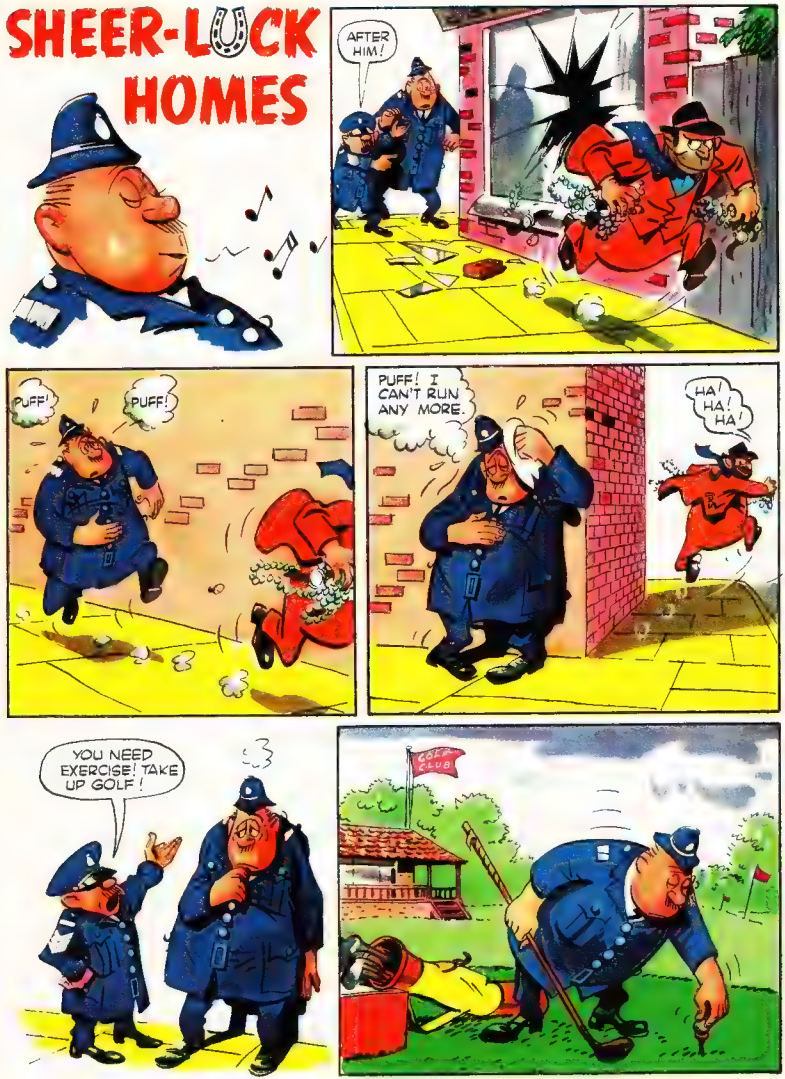
THE BAKERS' DOZEN





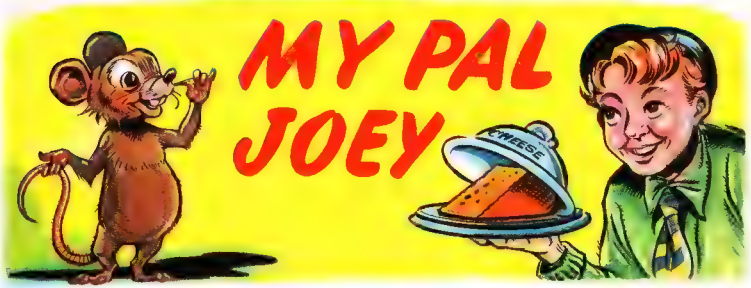
GOOD! THAT'S THE TOP HALF TAKEN... PLEASE STAY PERFECTLY STILL.
STOP!
COME BACK, WHISKERS. NOBODY HAS TO MOVE.
OH, DEAR! WHERE WAS I?
I THINK YOU WERE OVER THERE, BILLY.
I FORGET WHERE I WAS.
THAT'S IT ALL OVER. I'LL JOIN THE TWO HALVES TOGETHER AND POST IT TO YOU.
I HOPE WE'RE IN OUR RIGHT PLACES.
NEXT DAY
G-GOSH! JUST LOOK AT OUR PHOTOGRAPH!

Sheer-Luck plays his shot—and the crook's caught!



SMACK!!
WHEE
CRASH!
OH, NO!
WELL DONE, HOMES THAT WAS QUICK THINKING!
BRAVO!

Have a laugh with Chalky—the cleverest mouse alive!



JUST look at me, folks! This is something for the history books. They call me the hungriest mouse in Cartford, yet, here I am sitting looking *at a hunk of tasty Cheddar cheese. Yes, that's right, I did say "looking". I haven't even bothered to taste it. What's that? You don't believe it? Right! Make yourself comfortable and I'll tell you how it all came about.*

My pal, Joey Green, is a tough little lad with a mop of ginger hair which his battered school cap never quite manages to cover. I've been with Joey now for about three months, ever since he bought me from Sniffy Souter. Joey got me for three marbles, a piece of string, and a half-sucked bull's-eye. Believe me, folks, that was a bargain. I can't count the number of times I've got old Joey out of scrapes and awkward corners. Take today, for instance. . . .

"Eat your custard, Joey. You'll be late for school," said Mrs. Green, poking her son in the ribs. This didn't seem to worry Joey. He was never in a hurry to get back to school.

"Mum! Could I have a piece of cheese for my afternoon break?" asked Joey, slipping a spoonful of custard into his mouth and on to his shirt.

"Never knew such a boy for cheese," sighed Joey's mother, slicing off a piece and handing it across the table.

"Ta, Mum." Joey took the piece of cheese and slipped it into his pocket. Good old Joey, he never lets me down. While Joey finished his custard, I finished the cheese. Then, feeling nice and full, I snuggled into the corner of his pocket and fell sound asleep amongst his bits of pencils, burnt cork and rubber bands.

I was just starting my third dream when I was wakened up with a jolt. I was being bounced about like a rubber ball. Up, down, up, down. Gosh! I was terrified! At last it stopped, and I slowly stuck my head out of Joey's pocket. No sooner had I done this than up and down I went again. But now I could see the cause of the trouble. Joey was trying to reach a big, red apple on an overhanging branch of Mr. Sourboy's tree. Every day, Joey had to pass this tree on his way to school, and I knew that, sooner or later, he'd try for one of the apples.

Joey set down his exercise book on top of the wall and scrambled up beside it. Then, standing on tip-toe, he reached for the apple. His fingers touched it but he couldn't get hold of it. Joey was becoming

desperate now. He leaned over just a bit too far, and crash, we landed on the pavement.

Poor Joey! I decided I'd have to help him. Quickly, I scrambled out of his pocket, ran through a hole in the wall and climbed the tree. A big smile crossed Joey's friendly face when he saw what I was up to. I gnawed away at the apple stalk and, before you could say Gorgonzola, the big, juicy apple had dropped into Joey's eager hands.

"Well done, Chalky," said Joey as we started out for school once more. I smiled to myself as I heard him munching away at the apple. Give me a nice piece of cheese any day!

The apple was finished and we were just coming out of Samson's Lane when, who should we bump into but Bruiser Brown. Bruiser was a big, hulking bully about two years older than Joey and he was always trying to pick a fight with my pal Joey.

"So! It's little Joey Green!" sneered Bruiser, stepping in front of Joey and rolling up his right sleeve. "It's a long time since we had a fight."

"Why don't you pick on someone your own size?" piped Joey, who wasn't really scared of anyone.

"I'll pick on anyone I want," roared Bruiser, taking a step forward, "and today I'm picking on you, d'you hear?"

"Oh, all right," said Joey, taking off his cap and holding it beside his trouser pocket, "but you'll get the worst of it. You see, I've got my magic cap with me."

This was my cue. We'd played this trick before. I jumped out of Joey's pocket and into his cap.

"Ho! Ho! Ho! Don't make me laugh," roared Bruiser Brown. "Who ever heard of a magic cap?"

"Take a look, then," said Joey, setting his cap on the pavement.

"Magic cap begin to move," he chanted. I began to run about under the cap, backwards and forwards and sideways. Next thing I heard was Bruiser's voice.

"The c-c-cap's moving! H-h-h-help!" he shrieked. "A m-magic c-cap!" In two ticks, the frightened bully had raced through the school gates and into the safety of the classroom.

Tears of laughter were running down Joey's cheeks when he lifted up his cap.

"Well done, Chalky. You fixed him

good and proper." Suddenly, Joey's smile changed to a frown. "Gosh! I've left my exercise book on old Sourboy's wall."

There was no time to go back for it, as the bell was already ringing and the boys were in their lines.

Poor Joey sat at his desk as all the other boys handed in their history note-books to be corrected. "Green! Where is your exercise book?" It was the loud voice of Mr. Martinson, Joey's teacher.

"I s-seem to h-have lost it," stuttered my pal Joey.

"Lost it?" boomed the teacher. "Then it's two of the best for you, my lad. Come out to the front."

As Joey dragged himself out of his desk, my little brain worked overtime trying to find some way to help him. All at once, a great idea came to me. I popped out of Joey's pocket and scampered across the floor. I climbed up one of the radiators—it's a good job it wasn't switched on—and from there I could reach a whistle which hung from a length of green ribbon.

"Hold out your hand, boy," roared the teacher, swishing his cane menacingly.

There was no time to lose. I blew three sharp blasts on the whistle. Mr. Martinson lowered the cane, turned pale and cried: "Quick, boys, get outside. That was the fire alarm."

You should have heard the cheers that came from the pupils.

"Oh, boy!" whooped Micky Milligan. "The school's on fire. Pour some petrol on it, somebody."

"I hope the fire-brigade doesn't get here too quickly," chortled Pussy Perkins, leaping over his desk and hurrying for the door.

"Quickly, boys, quickly!" ordered Mr. Martinson whose face had turned the colour of a snowman's.

All the time this was going on, I was splitting my sides with laughter.

Ho! Ho! Ho! By the time poor Mr. Martinson found out that the school wasn't really on fire, he'd forgotten all about caning Joey. And to think Joey got me for only three marbles, a piece of string and a half-sucked bull's-eye!

Then it happened! Immediately after playtime, Mr. Martinson came up to Joey. "The Head wants to see you at once," he said. "Something about stealing apples."

Poor Joey shuffled into the Head's

room and came to attention in front of the big desk.

"Well, Green," roared the Head, "you're in trouble once again."

"Me, sir," said Joey, trying hard to look surprised.

"Yes, you! I have had a complaint from Mr. Sourboy that you have pinched —er—stolen one of his best apples. Don't deny it, boy. We can prove it was you."

Right away, I knew what had happened. Sourboy had found Joey's exercise book on his wall. Peeping out of Joey's pocket, I looked across at the big desk. Sure enough, lying behind a pile of books was Joey's crumpled exercise book. I jumped to the floor and, in two ticks, I had climbed on to the Head's desk. Taking a deep breath, I started to chew Joey's book. Paper's not bad, you know! I chewed and I chewed and every now and again I could see Joey glancing across at me. Gosh! It was an awful big exercise book for my little tummy!

The Head continued to lecture Joey.

"Stealing apples is a very serious offence, and denying it makes it worse." Of course, Joey didn't really steal the apple—I did!

"However," continued the Head, "I will now show you how I know you are guilty. Take a look at this exercise book."

The Head's hand searched behind the pile of books, but he found nothing. He searched and searched, growing redder and redder in the face. At last he gave up the search in despair.

"This is very odd. I can't understand it," he said, looking suspiciously at Joey. "Still, I can't very well accuse you without evidence. You'd better run along, Green. You've been very lucky."

Believe me, Joey needed no second telling. In a flash, he had nipped out of the dreaded room.

Back home, Joey was so pleased with me, he cut off a slice of my favourite Cheddar cheese and gave it to me.

"There you are, Chalky," he said. "That's for saving my neck. It sure was a bright idea of yours to swallow the evidence."

Now, folks, maybe you'll understand why I'm sitting beside a hunk of cheese and not bothering to eat it. If you'd *just eaten a whole exercise book, you wouldn't feel very hungry either!*

WILD FLOWER QUIZ
CAN YOU NAME THE WILD FLOWERS ON THIS PAGE?
The answers are on page 93
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20

ANIMAL PUZZLE

TAKE a pencil and join together the dots from 1 to 66. The shape of an animal will appear. Can you guess its name?

Answer on page 93

COCO THE CLOWN
NOBODY SEEMS TO BE COMING TO THE CIRCUS TODAY... I WONDER WHY?
CIRCUS
TICKETS 2/6 1/6
SO THAT'S IT! THEY'RE ALL GOING TO THE FOOTBALL MATCH!
FOOTBALL ROVERS V UNITED
I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
TO FOOTBALL MATCH
HO! HO! HO! I'LL TURN THE SIGN ROUND!
TO FOOTBALL MATCH
QUICK, BOSS, THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY.
HURRY! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!
WHAT'S HE UP TO?
ROLL UP! ROLL UP!
FOOTBALL ROVERS V UNITED
FIRST AID
SHOOT!
COME ON, ROVERS.
FOUL!
FINAL SCORE ROVERS-26 UNITED-19 Takings £45-18-5

The Hungry Squirrel

THE squirrel has forgotten where he has hidden his store of nuts. Can you help him to find it by going along the paths without crossing a line?

WHAT'S MY BREED?

TO FIND THE DOG'S BREED, SPELL THESE LETTERS BACKWARDS

REIRRET HSIRI

ELDOOP HCNERF

DNUOHXOF

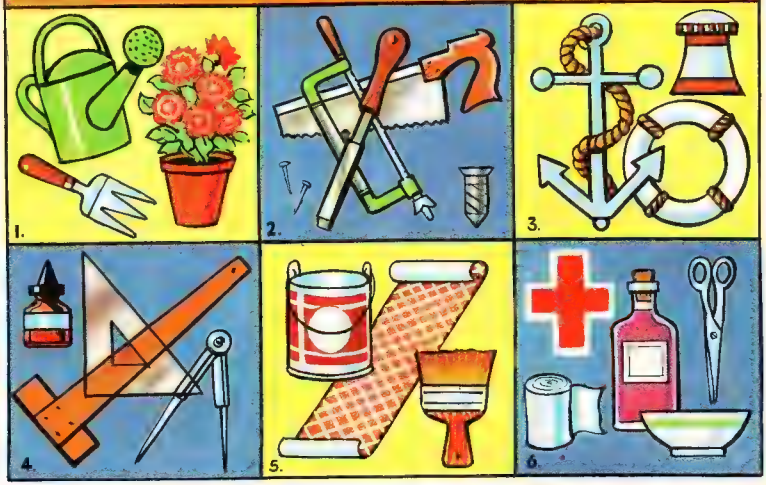
IGROC

DRANREB.TS

LEINAPS

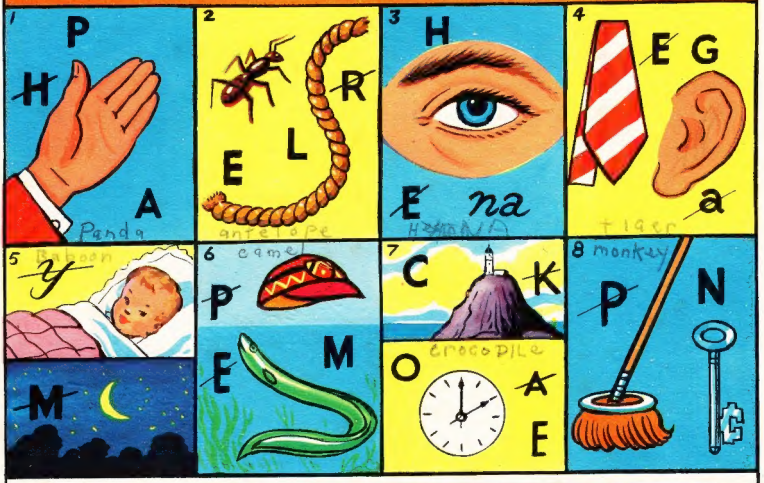
WHAT'S MY LINE?

GUESS WHAT OCCUPATIONS THESE OBJECTS REPRESENT

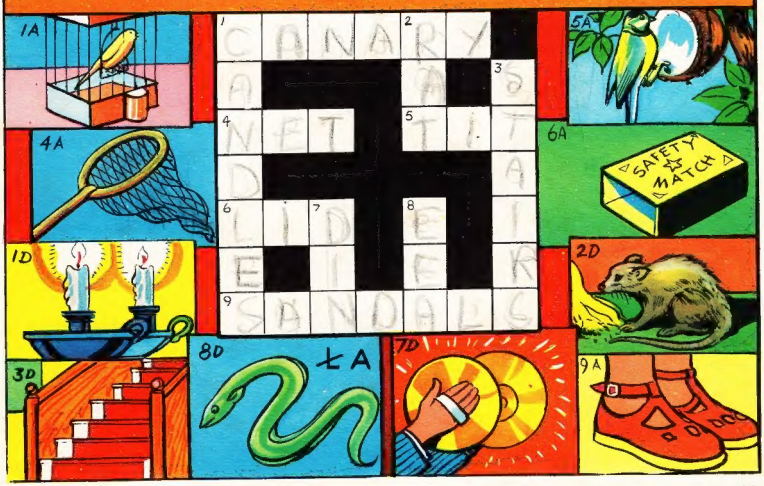


Answer on page 93

NAME THESE ANIMALS



PICTURE CROSSWORD



Answers on page 93

* ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

BUTTERFLY QUIZ (PAGE 32)

1. CHALK-HILL-BLUE
2. DUKE OF BURGUNDY FRITILLARY
3. ORANGE-TIP
4. MARBLED-WHITE
5. MEADOW-BROWN
6. GRIZZLED-SKIPPER
7. BLACK-VEINED-WHITE
8. DINGY-SKIPPER
9. MAGAZINE BLUE
10. DARK-GREEN FRITILLARY
11. PURPLE EMPEROR
12. SILVER-STUDDED-BLUE
13. PEACOCK
14. BROWN-ANGUS
15. LARGE WHITE
16. RED ADMIRAL
17. CLOUDED YELLOW
18. WHITE ADMIRAL
19. GREEN-HAIR-STREAK
20. PAINTED LADY
21. BEDFORD BLUE
22. LARGE TORTOISESHELL
23. SWALLOW-TAIL
24. ADONIS-BLUE
25. ESSEX-SKIPPER
26. BRIMSTONE
27. SMALL BLUE
28. SMALL COPPER
29. GATE-KEEPER
30. CAMBERWELL BEAUTY
31. LARGE BLUE
32. CLIFDEN BLUE
33. COMMON BLUE

WHAT'S MY BREED? (PAGE 91)

1. IRISH TERRIER
2. FRENCH POODLE
3. FOXHOUND
4. CORGI
5. ST. BERNARD
6. SPANIEL

NAME THESE ANIMALS (PAGE 92)

1. PANDA
2. ANTELOPE
3. HYENA
4. TIGER
5. BABOON
6. CAMEL
7. CROCODILE
8. MONKEY

WILD-FLOWER QUIZ (PAGE 86)

1. RED VALERIAN
2. COMMON TANSY
3. MEADOW CRANE'S-BILL
4. CLUSTERED BELL-FLOWER
5. CORN-COCKLE
6. PINK CAMPION
7. JACOB'S LADDER
8. PRICKLY HEADED POPPY
9. WELSH POPPY
10. NODDING THISTLE
11. YELLOW IRIS
12. CORNFLOWER
13. BORAGE
14. THE PIMPERNEL
15. THRIFT
16. FIELD-SCABIOUS
17. FORGET-ME-NOT
18. ELECAMPANE
19. SWEET BRIAR
20. TUFTED VETCH

ANIMAL DOT PUZZLE (PAGE 87)

THE ANIMAL IS A GIRAFFE

WHAT'S MY LINE? (PAGE 91)

1. GARDENER
2. JOINER
3. SAILOR
4. DRAUGHTSMAN
5. PAINTER
6. NURSE

PICTURE CROSSWORD (PAGE 92)

ACROSS

1. CANARY
4. NET
5. TIT
6. LID
9. SANDALS

DOWN

1. CANDLES
2. RAT
3. STAIRS
7. DIN
8. EEA

The Twelve days of Christmas

THE FIRST DAY OF CHRIST- MAS MY TRUE LOVE SENT TO ME A
PART- RIDGE IN A PEAR TREE. 2. THE SEC-OND DAY OF CHRIST-MAS MY
TRUE LOVE SENT TO ME TWO TUR-TLE DOVES AND A PART- RIDGE IN A PEAR TREE.
3. THE THIRD DAY OF CHRIST-MAS MY TRUE LOVE SENT TO ME THREE FRENCH HENS,
D.S.
TWO TUR-TLE DOVES AND A PART — RIDGE IN A PEAR TREE.

**This bar is sung twice in verse 4, three times in verse 5, and so on.*

4. *The Fourth Day—four calling birds, three french hens, etc.*
5. *The Fifth Day—five gold rings, four calling birds, etc.*
6. *The Sixth Day—six geese a-laying, five gold rings, etc.*
7. *The Seventh Day—seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying, etc.*
8. *The Eighth Day—eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming, etc.*
9. *The Ninth Day—nine ladies dancing, eight maids a-milking, etc.*
10. *The Tenth Day—ten lords a-leaping, nine ladies dancing, etc.*
11. *The Eleventh Day—eleven pipers piping, ten lords a-leaping, etc.*
12. *The Twelfth Day—twelve drummers drumming, eleven pipers piping, etc.*

TV
COMIC